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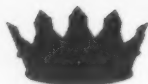
AND 24 PAGES OF
VISUAL HUMOR

CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"



DECEMBER, 1936
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS



CORONET

for
DECEMBER
1936

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DAVID A. SMART
PUBLISHER

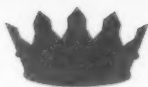
CORONET
Dec. 1, 1936

CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entry as second class matter applied for at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3rd, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States, and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America, and South America, \$4.00 a year in advance; elsewhere \$5.00 a year.

Vol. 1, No. 2
Whole No. 2

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PRINTED
BY REGENT
AT CHICAGO



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Manuscripts, photographs and drawings should be addressed to Arnold Gingrich, Editor, c/o CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



PARALYSIS OF ENGLAND

*IS IT FEAR OR IS IT FAVOR THAT
STAYS J. BULL'S ONCE VIGOROUS ARM?*



Great Britain, ever since the end of the War, has been impotent in regard to all the major questions that have arisen in international affairs. This is remarkable in view of the fact that British Sea Power, through the blockade of Germany, was one of the most important factors in the Allied victory. The causes of the British Government's inability to realize its purposes are, I think, two: that new methods of warfare have made the traditional maxims of British state-craft obsolete; and that in the minds of all parties in England there have been conflicts which have prevented clear thinking and vigorous action. A brief survey of the most important events (from the standpoint of British foreign policy) since the Treaty of Versailles will help to make these two points clear.

For four hundred years, England had stood for the balance of power on the Continent, that is to say, for the maintenance of two hostile groups sufficiently equal for British help to be decisive. At Versailles in 1919 we (the British) abandoned this policy. Germany having been defeated, tradition demanded that we should prevent too drastic a defeat; but, although Lloyd George wished to follow tradition, he was the victim of his

own war propaganda, and was compelled by the public opinion he had created, to make a Treaty which gave to France the hegemony of Europe. Consequently British hostility to France, which was demanded by tradition, had to be underground and unavowed. In the war between the Greeks and the Turks in 1920, the British supported the Greeks and the French supported the Turks; when the Greeks were defeated, and Lloyd George wished to help them to restore their fortunes, his colleagues revolted from him and he fell, leaving victory to the friends of France.

France used her power ruthlessly against Germany, and not too considerately against Great Britain. The invasion of the Ruhr, and the continuing reluctance to revise the Treaty of Versailles, annoyed the English, and so did the close French alliances with Poland and the Little Entente; but there was no obvious way of escaping from the Treaty. Moreover, so long as England remained on the gold standard, the French gold reserve kept British finance in bondage. The abandonment of the gold standard in 1931 was the first step in liberation from France.

The governments of all the Great

Powers sympathised with the efforts to effect a White Restoration in Russia, yet here also the British failed ignominiously. The troops they sent to Russia refused to fight in a cause that they considered bad, and the war materials sent to White Russian Generals fell into the hands of the Bolsheviks. Labour opinion at home made it impossible to conduct a really serious war, and in the end it was sullenly decided to abstain from further molestation of the Russians.

They, meanwhile, turned their attention to China, where they helped the Nationalist movement to success. The British bitterly opposed this movement, and in 1926, on three occasions, brutally shot down unarmed students who were demonstrating. The victory of the Nationalists was therefore a defeat of the British.

It is true that it turned out, in 1927, to be also a defeat of the Russians, but that brought no advantage to England, for, ever since then, the Chinese Government, being mainly concerned to combat the communists, has had to give way to Japan, which has closed markets formerly open to British goods, and is likely soon to destroy all that England still retains in the Far East, whether trade, capital, or territory. To this process the British Government offers no resistance because of its fear of communism.

The most resounding example of British impotence has been in regard to Abyssinia. When Japan robbed China of Manchuria, Sir John Simon prevented any action by the League of Nations, and refused to co-operate with the United States in defence of

Chinese rights. Nevertheless, when Italy embarked upon an imperialistic scheme which was opposed to British interests, the League of Nations was invoked in the hope of preventing his success. Failure was due to several causes. The most important was French friendship with Italy. The next was the fact that the British Government, while talking in terms of the League and the Covenant, was obviously open to a bargain at the expense of Abyssinia. A third reason was British unwillingness to fight, which itself had a twofold cause: on the one hand, experts were not sure that battleships could survive attacks from the air; on the other hand, the sentiment in favor of the League of Nations is a pacifist sentiment, which became confused when it was found that economic sanctions were insufficient. It is no wonder that failure resulted from an idealistic crusade led by a government which was only annoyed by not being offered a share of the loot, and a pacifist agitation leading, if pushed to its conclusion, inevitably to a great European war. Some measure of clear thinking, and some singleness of purpose, is necessary to the success of any policy.

British ineffectiveness in recent years, as I remarked before, is due partly to a sense of insecurity produced by changes in the art of war, partly to the co-existence of incompatible desires in every political party.

To begin with the former: the British Empire was acquired by sea power, its communications are maritime, and a large proportion of the food of Great Britain has to be imported from abroad. Therefore, if sea

communications cannot be kept open in war time, the British cannot conduct a successful war. German submarines nearly defeated them in 1917; in the next war, submarines and aircraft together will make it very difficult, if not impossible, to import the food required for the conduct of the fighting. Even if this difficulty can be overcome, there remains the formidable menace of attack from the air. Since the failure of the Spanish Armada in 1588, the English have considered themselves invulnerable at home, but now they have suddenly become exceptionally vulnerable. The damage that can be done from the air increases with the density of the population, and England is more densely populated than Germany, and much more than France. Moreover, London and the chief industrial centers are in the East. Either France or Germany could, at the very beginning of a war, kill many of the inhabitants of London and very likely reduce the remainder to a state of blind panic. Munitions centers could be made so unsafe that men would refuse to work in them. The civilian population would probably be rendered useless, and only the armed forces would retain cohesion and morale. The same thing might happen in other countries, but probably to a lesser extent, owing to the smaller density of population.

Although the gravity of these facts is minimized in official pronouncements, enough has penetrated to the mass of the people to cause a widespread and very profound aversion for war. Quite naturally, and not insincerely, this takes the form of

pacifism; those who dislike war on principle get a much readier hearing than in former times. No candidate for Parliament, even if he is a high Tory, dare avow warlike sentiments. Imperialism has to be camouflaged as support for the League of Nations; but even under this disguise it cannot succeed, owing to the desire to avoid war.

With this desire, intense as it is, there goes a fatalistic belief that war will, nevertheless, occur, and occur soon. No one ventures to predict what the issue will be, or even on which side Great Britain will fight; but although it remains uncertain whether they will help the French or the Germans, very few people contemplate neutrality as a possible policy. I confess I do not understand this whole state of mind. It does not seem to me that war would be inevitable if we did not think it so; nor is it at all clear to me that, if war occurs on the Continent, England must necessarily join in. The pessimistic mood which prevails in England seems to me—though I say this with some hesitation—to be due to a kind of paralysis brought on by fear.

I come now to incompatible desires as an impediment to resolute action. To begin with the imperialists: they are also, almost always, vehemently opposed to socialism and communism, and therefore hostile to Russia. When British interests demand friendship with Russia, or at least absence of hostility, they sacrifice their country to capitalism. They have done this in their friendship with the Japanese, and they are doing it, in a more dangerous form, in their friend-

ship with Hitler. But they do it with reluctance, since their patriotism is genuine, and some, like Mr. Winston Churchill, actually place national interests above hostility to communism. In the first years after the War, the imperialists were troubled by the hostility to Germany which existed among their rank-and-file supporters: after all that they had said about the wickedness of the Germans, they found it difficult to become suddenly pro-German when British interests required it. They had the misfortune to have been believed when they talked about German atrocities. The deepest trouble of the imperialists is that they cannot bring themselves to admit how much less powerful Great Britain has become. A policy such as that of working with the League of Nations is constitutionally repugnant to them, because it involves submitting to collective decisions instead of coming to wholly autonomous decisions dictated solely by British interests. And yet, until the re-armament of Germany, co-operation with the League was almost inevitable.

Among socialists and pacifists, the conflict of desires goes deeper than among imperialists. To begin with the pacifists, whose difficulties I know by introspection. Immediately after the War, the duty of pacifists was clear: to urge revision of the Treaty of Versailles and non-interference with Russia. But since the advent of Hitler to power, the issues have become confused. There are still those who think that, if Germany's just demands are conceded, the Nazis will gradually become reasonable. I confess I do not believe this. Success, I am convinced,

will make the German Government more truculent, and will increase its popularity with the German nation. Nothing but spectacular failure—so it seems to me—can shake the hold of the Nazis on Germany, or their determination to dominate the world. The thoroughgoing pacifist must face the fact that, if all countries which allow free discussion adopted his principles, they would be subjugated by Fascism, and everything that he values would be stamped out, at least for a time. Either way of deciding in this dilemma is painful, and can hardly be whole-hearted.

A more general form of the same difficulty faces the pacifist in connection with the League of Nations. When England first began to invoke the League against Mussolini, most pacifists enthusiastically supported the Government. There were notable exceptions, such as Mr. Lansbury and Lord Ponsonby, who seemed to me then, and still seem to me, to have been in the right; but those who agreed with them were few. Natural indignation made pacifists wish to support Abyssinia, and optimism made them believe that economic sanctions would suffice. Hardly any of them had thought out the question of a League war. The League, being designed to preserve peace, and chiefly supported by those who hate war, is difficult to use as a fighting organization, not only because of its cumbrous machinery, but also because of the psychology of those who believe in it. If the League, or some similar organization, is ever to succeed, the dominant motive will have to be not the preservation of peace, but the estab-

lishment of law in international relations, and there will have to be that kind of indignation against the law-breaker that makes it not psychologically repugnant to wage war upon him. Thus here again the pacifist is pulled in two opposite directions, and loses vigor in consequence.

Socialism, ever since the Russian Revolution, has been gravely embarrassed by the war on two fronts, against capitalism on the one hand and communism on the other. In France the united front has—at least for a time—got over this difficulty, but in England thoroughgoing co-operation between socialists and communists has not yet been found possible. This is not serious from the point of view of numbers, as British communists are few, but it is serious in its effect on the outlook of socialists, and in depriving the party of vigorous workers. Those who are pacifists as well as socialists have a disagreement with communism in that they hope to minimize the use of violence in establishing a new economic order. But this is another source of inner conflict, since it becomes increasingly difficult to suppose either that gentle methods can overcome the newer forms of violently militant capitalism, or that violent methods will, in fact, lead to any result that pacifists could applaud.

The world has changed so fast in recent years that the general outlook of both reactionaries and radicals has become largely antiquated. British imperialists have to resign themselves to a much humbler frame of mind than that to which they are accustomed. Socialists have to recognize that, partly owing to the existence of

communism, the chances of a peaceful transition to the system they advocate are not nearly so good as they used to seem. Pacifists find the world becoming increasingly militarized, the prospect of war becoming more dreadful, and the hopes of preserving peace in the world growing to be dependent upon alliances and threats of war. Communists have been told by Moscow that they must do nothing to weaken the French military machine, and that they must be orthodox supporters of the League of Nations. In this confusion the old slogans have become unreal, and everybody is bewildered.

An influential section of the present Government sees an issue from the confusion in an alliance with the Nazis. If Germany could be left free to attack Russia, while the British kept France quiet, communism could be wiped out. If there were a general war, England, Germany, and Japan, assuming the neutrality of the United States, could be fairly sure of victory, and the resulting world would be no place for liberals and socialists. It is a beautiful dream, but I doubt if it would work out quite as its advocates suppose. With France and Russia out of the way, the Nazis might wish to "civilize" our Crown Colonies, and the Japanese would set to work to free India from European oppression. Nor is it clear that America would remain passive during the war, and if America came in, it would almost certainly be against Japan. I think, therefore, that the plan of an alliance with Germany, apart from the minor objection that it would cause worldwide misery and wholesale destruc-

tion of what is most valuable in civilization, would have the really serious defect of not being ultimately compatible with what conservatives imagine to be British interests.

The opposite policy, of an alliance with France and Russia, has more to be said in its favor. It is probably the best method of preventing a general war, since Germany and Japan would hardly venture to attack such a combination. It would range England on the side of what is progressive in the world, and would make it possible to hope for the preservation of democracy. But for this very reason the present Government will hardly agree to such a policy. And the Labor Party will not agree, since it has a horror of "entangling alliances" and remem-

bers the origin of the last war. If the Labor Party is to agree, the alliance of England, France, and Russia, will have to be camouflaged as the League of Nations. But it will have to be a League less bloodless than hitherto, prepared at any moment to apply *military* sanctions against an aggressor, and pretty clear in advance as to who the aggressor will be. If progressive opinion in Great Britain can be induced to adopt such a policy, it may at last have a clear and definite objective. But it is hard to abandon shibboleths, and it is only too likely that progressives in England, as in Germany before 1933, will go on repeating them until the concentration camps impose silence.

—BERTRAND RUSSELL

SELF-EXAMINATION AFTER TEN YEARS

Q: Do you consider that in the ten years since you were graduated you have made the most of your time and opportunities?

A: Sure. I have done all right—everything considered.

Q: Have you contributed anything of real importance to humanity?

A: Certainly, I've—oh well, not *everybody* can set the world on fire.

Q: When you were graduated you promised yourself not to let your cultural life stagnate. You resolved to pursue your reading in history, art and philosophy. Have you done so?

A: Absolutely—only of course I don't have much time for those things. Anyhow I go to a musical comedy every once in a while.

Q: You also resolved to look after

your physical welfare—to exercise, keep trim and hard. Have you?

A: Well, I only weigh one-ninety-five. When people say I'm flabby, they don't realize it's all muscle.

Q: You made a promise you wouldn't write letters back to college about the football team. Have you kept it?

A: Yes. —Well, practically, but with that moron who's coaching now, what can you expect?

Q: Ten years out of college you should be cultivated, fairly prosperous, broad-minded, interested in the finer things. Are you?

A: Well I should hope to kiss a pig. Hey, whadaya say we get up a crap game?

—P. C.



"Have any of you men an extra safety pin?"

DECEMBER, 1936

A GOOD PLACE TO EAT

*A FABLE OF THE BITTER FUTILITY
OF ALL CUT THROAT COMPETITION*



On a gentle April morning which after weeks of rain and wind announced at last the arrival of spring, Mario Peccorar strode toward his Coffee Shoppe at the south-east corner of Tryon and Charter. Mild sunlight lay on the pavement, and in Mario's heart there was the same sweet unrest as in the eighty-year old elms in Gresham Park; but while they took the stir of the annual resurrection tacitly, Mario knew the reasons for his elation of spirit.

There is something heartening in the sight of a small man taking masterful strides through an almost empty street; at least, one or two passersby thought so, and smiled secretly and gratefully, the more so as, from the movement of Mario's lips, they thought he was singing to himself. Singing he was not. He was only murmuring something like this: "Eighty workers, twenty take breakfast, fifteen-twenty cents, three-four dollars a day; fifty take lunch, thirty-forty cents, seventeen dollars a day; six days, a hundred and twenty dollars. One hundred and twenty and two hundred and seventy, three hundred and ninety." And yet you might say he was singing, for to him at least there was melody in the figures.

Yes, the winter which had throttled the spring of that year was gone; Coltertown would liven up; there would be salesmen and transient tourists; and—oh, most wonderful—work, long-delayed, would be started on the big new apartment building a block away: eighty men, huskies, good eaters. This time last year the Coffee Shoppe had taken in—so the tattered account book at home told Mario—two hundred and seventy dollars a week, and had broken better than even. He had paid something back to his brother-in-law, Luciano. This year his long and patient nursing of the corner would bear fruit! How kind the world was! How good was humanity! Bless the Tri-City Construction Company, which was putting up the big new house! Bless the workers, brick-layers, carpenters, plumbers, plasterers, who would come pouring, a little stream in the morning, a torrent at noon, into the Coffee Shoppe, for Breakfast and Lunch Specials, for ham and eggs, for hamburgers, fish-cakes and spaghetti, breaded veal cutlets and frankfurters and beans. Matilda! Angelina! Vincent! Joe! Daddy's going to make money! How about a little second-hand car? How about a new dresser



"Tomato juice, Joe—for a hangover"

DECEMBER, 1936



"Stick around, Duke, I may need you if Harry doesn't show up"

CORONET

for Mama? How about a good radio? Is Pop a good provider or isn't he?

This was not the first time, of course that he had made these and similar calculations; but never had they been accompanied by such lyrical certainty as on this tender and sunny April morning. Air and sky testified to his impending prosperity and his mastery over fate; and though he was constitutionally a modest person, he could not help feeling, now that success was at hand, how meritorious it was to succeed.

He was so deeply immersed in his happiness that he came within fifty yards of the Shoppe before he noticed the big red and yellow posters which had blossomed overnight on the windows of the empty store diagonally across from his own. Then he stopped suddenly, and it was as if someone had knifed him painlessly and the exaltation was running out of him onto the pavement. It was all gone before he could take hold of himself, all the security and the sense of worth and the dresser and the little second-hand car. He was aware, instead, of GOOD PLACE TO EAT and REASONABLE and HIGH-CLASS. He saw two men walking about inside the store; he saw a coffee urn on the floor, behind the door which was open for the first time in three months; in a corner chairs and tables were piled in a heap.

He went on very slowly, wondering why he took it so quietly. He kept his eyes fixed on the calamity when he sidled into the Shoppe. Then he turned to Ezio, the nightman, and said, "Look!" He did not mean to imply that Ezio had not seen it. He meant, rather, in the overwhelming

bitterness of the moment, that it was impossible to trust Ezio with the care of the business for a single night. So Ezio understood it and was himself too crushed to resent it. He only said, "I seen it," and added with a gesture, not with words, "I did my best, but I couldn't prevent it."

It was half-past six, and there was no one besides themselves in the Shoppe. Factory workers passing this way to the morning shift were not due till seven, office workers till eight and half past eight. Sam, the cook, did not come till a quarter to seven, for in the night Ezio did both the cooking and serving. Betty, who helped during the noon rush and stayed till evening, came at eleven. The two men now stood behind the counter and stared somberly at the opposite corner.

"It's a Grik," said Ezio.

Mario nodded several times. Greek or Hungarian or Italian, it did not matter much; and yet—there was something inexplicably malevolent about a Greek.

"He won't stay long," added Ezio. "That corner's got a jinx. Nobody stays there."

"Griks always stay," replied Mario.

"First there was Eisenstein the shoe-man," went on Ezio, "then Miller the groceryman, then Zesl the barber, then Lossker the stationeryman, then Seibel the cleaner, then that woman with the beauty parlor."

Mario gave him an affectionate look and regretted the reproach he had flung at him wordlessly on entering. He saw that Ezio had been comforting himself loyally by recalling in their chronological order the enterprises which had come to grief on the oppo-

site corner. Ezio now repeated the names slowly, chanting them, as if he hoped to cast the spell of their failure on the Greek; but thereby he betrayed his own fear and added to Mario's.

Four years I worked it up, thought Mario, so they all know there's a place to eat here. Now he comes. It's not fair. By God, it's not fair.

"Everybody got to live," he said.

"He won't stay," repeated Ezio, clinging obstinately to his principles.

But maybe the jinx crossed over north-west to south-east, thought Mario. Because, after all, for what good reason should one corner monopolize all the bad luck of the intersection? Maybe it was a run, like in cards. So, for the next few years the Greek would watch, with complacency and mild wonder, the procession of failures marching off from the opposite corner into the unknown, with Mario Peccorar at the head fading into the distance. And *he* would repeat the roster of the ruined contentedly: "Peccorar the lunch-man, and Whats-his-name the this-man, and Whos-it-called the that-man . . ."

"I don't know," said Mario wretchedly.

II

Just those few minutes on an April morning: they were the last happiness Mario knew that spring. Sunshine and mildness stayed on, incapable of lifting his heart again. He might have reconciled himself to the Greek, for his nature was not rebellious and hatred was foreign to his soul; but within a week of the opening of the new lunch-counter he perceived that the other was an implacable competitor.

FISHCAKES AND SPAGHETTI—FIFTEEN CENTS, read the sign.

"It's impossible," said Mario, stupefied, when he first saw the announcement.

"That's all right, boss," said Ezio. "It's good. When he starts doing that, it's c-r-r-r-k—" and he drew his hands across his throat.

"It may be c-r-r-r-k for him and c-r-r-r-k for me, too."

"Boss," answered Ezio, "he's finished in a month. I'm telling you."

What was the good of arguing with Ezio? He meant well; but then, he had only a job to lose, so it was easy for him to take it lightly; and anyway, he got his fifteen dollars a week and night meals whatever the takings were. And though the work on the apartment house was in full swing, with a hundred and ten men employed instead of eighty, the takings were down to two hundred and forty a week. So Vincent was back with the shoe-shine box on the streets and Joe was selling newspapers evenings.

The Fish-Cake Special was only a start. A few days later the Greek flung at the building workers and the Coltertown public generally an unbelievable bargain: "Two Pork Chops, Two Vegetables, Bread and Butter and Coffee, Thirty Cents." Mario felt himself invaded from head to foot by a wave of cold when the announcement struck him between the eyes. He said to himself, in a whisper, "*And coffee.*" For even without coffee the Greek's price was a nickel below his own. In the lunch wagons behind the railroad station, frequented by Negroes and hoboes, such prices were current, but the fishcakes were crum-

my and the pork chops shrivelled, the spaghetti was stale and the tomato-sauce watery. And in those locations you didn't pay twenty-five dollars a week rent.

"I'm telling you, it's murder," said Mario, this time to Sam. "He don't want to make a living. He just wants to drive me out."

"Murder is right," answered Sam, darkly, his leathery, narrow face, which the kitchen had tanned, not softened, wore a sinister expression. "But it ain't you he's murdering."

Mario knew what he meant, but would not believe it yet. He believed rather that the Greek was prepared to lose money for a time, in order to get rid of his rival; then, with the corner to himself, he would send the prices up to normal again. Mario felt sick. Really it was not just the unprovoked assault on himself; it was the rawness, the meanness, the shamelessness of it; and, as always in the presence of sheer brutality, against whomsoever directed, a faintness unstrung his muscles and threw him into a daze. He was not a fighter, physically or in any other way. The thought of striking someone in the face, of inflicting pain, of tormenting another human being into hatred of himself, filled him with a premonitory loathing. And yet the world was full of people to whom it meant nothing! The Greek, for instance. He didn't care what he did to Mario. The misery in Mario's heart, the helpless anger, the disgust, were not his business.

Only Ezio held out during the first month. He said, again and again, with contentious cheerfulness, "You

can't give 'em two pork chops, two vegetables, bread and butter, and coffee for thirty cents—look, boss, pork chops eleven cents each, vegetables—" he made excited markings on the marble-covered counter.

"He's doing it, ain't he?" said Mario, despondently.

"That's because he's going nuts," asserted Ezio, alluding without knowing it to the proverb current among his imperial ancestors, that those whom the gods would destroy they first drive mad.

"And so am I," muttered Mario.

Most of his steady customers stayed with him, but transients and the building workers crossed the road in large numbers to the Greek's lunch counter. There were questions, too: "Hey, Mario, what's the idea of the fancy prices?" and "Say, how about a pork chop special?" The questions stabbed Mario more than the defections. They seemed to him to be callous, for surely everybody knew what the Greek was up to. Mario screwed up his face, lifted his shoulders, and shook his head. "I can't make it for no less," he said. "I can't."

Indeed he couldn't. Not unless he bought left-overs, decayed meats, dangerous chemical sauces and dubious job lots of vegetables, the late morning sweepings of the markets along the river, seconds and thirds which went to the dirty shacks behind the railroad station. He shrank from the thought of that, after all these years of honest dealing, as a decent grocer would shrink from short-weighting, sanded sugar and watered milk. He was not aware of high principles; only he just could not stuff unsuspecting

stomachs with poisonous victuals. They came to him so trustingly; they paid him good money; they were at his mercy.

At first he refused to credit—or discredit—the Greek with such practices: the man might have it in for him, his rival, and was prepared to lose money; he surely could not be a wholesale criminal, building up a business by undermining the constitutions of hundreds of customers. But this was exactly what Sam the cook had hinted from the beginning; and as May followed April, and June followed May, and July was drawing to a close, there was nothing else to believe. Either that, or else the Greek was rich, was ready to go on losing indefinitely—an utterly implausible alternative. And Mario, his takings down to two hundred and twenty, two hundred and twelve, two hundred and seven a week, his reserves gone, and painful additional loans from Luciano impending, was beginning to forget his own wretchedness in the contemplation of the appalling criminality of the Greek.

Oh, undoubtedly it would come out in the end. Maybe Coltertown stomachs were tougher than most. But there was a limit. Flesh and blood were only flesh and blood. There was a limit, he repeated wildly to himself in the nights, when Matilda lay breathing heavily at his side. But—before that limit was reached, before the plague of colic and ptomaine poisoning descended on the customers of the Greek, he, Mario Peccoraro, might be out, looking somewhere for a job, counterman, busboy, janitor, anything. What good would it do him then to

have foreseen it all, and kept silent? It wouldn't even come to a public showdown because, with Mario out of the way, the Greek would jack up the prices and quit his dangerous game; stomachs would be only half ruined, and nobody any the wiser.

He woke up sometimes, shivering, oppressed and sickened by suggestions of poisons, acids, green, bilious overflows accumulating slowly in Coltertown stomachs, harder than most, but not, God knew, indefinitely immune. He shifted in the bed, as if the sheets were contaminated; then, coming to, he would shake from his mind the vague and monstrous imagery, which was then replaced by a calmer, chillier but more enduring conviction that something abominable was happening in the Greek restaurant. A GOOD PLACE TO EAT! The cynicism of it! And it was horrible to think that the longer it took, the more frightful would be the consummation; the very power of resistance would contribute to the completeness of the calamity.

Sam harped on the subject with a sort of ghoulish persistence. Every time a new, impossibly cheap special was proclaimed on the opposite corner, Sam would nod his head and utter the first syllable of a bitter laugh. "Ha!"

"You know," he said one afternoon to Mario, "a gunman's better'n that." He had come out of the kitchen, as he sometimes did when there were no customers, and he was scraping the bottom of an iron pot. "He shoots you, that's the finish. You know where you are. Get me?"

"Sure I get you," cried Mario. His

own very thoughts.

"Only this way," said Sam, lifting the ladle and poking it with a brief gesture in the direction of the Greek, "the law can't get after you. The Board of Health can't find nothing, because you really can't prove nothing. It ain't like if he fed them rat poison, though I'm telling you it would be more honest. You get yourself poisoned once, and you fight it out, live or die. You get a chance. You *know* what's happening."

"Maybe he honestly don't know," suggested Mario dishonestly, only for the purpose of eliciting a stronger asseveration from Sam.

"He don't know, eh?" said Sam, pulling in his lips. "Listen, them Greeks are the smartest people in the world. Did you ever read Greek history?"

"No," answered Mario. But he had heard of Greek history, and it seemed to him now that the words had always had a portentous sound.

"All right," said Sam sharply. That meant that Mario had no right to discuss the Greeks; and Mario in his heart conceded as much, only prepared to believe the worst.

Sometimes he wondered what the Greek was like to talk to. He saw him now and again, a large man with a heavy face and a small moustache, not pleasant looking, certainly, but not stamped with monstrous depravity. Only how could you tell anything from a man's appearance? You see pictures of criminals in the papers, and you stare at them, puzzled, thinking: "He killed a man! He killed a woman!" but it was impossible to believe. So a man might be killing

dozens, slowly, and yet look like everybody else. Say if you taxed him with the crime, man to man, without evasion, if you took him to a side and said, "Listen, I know . . ."

Sometimes, at night, when the children were sleeping, and he and Matilda were making ready to go to bed, he would say, suddenly, "I guess I'll slip round to the Shoppe." And he would go by roundabout streets to take a peep into the darkened windows of the Greek's lunch counter. The Greek closed at ten, disdaining to carry his competition through the twenty-four hours. Mario saw the shelves, the tables, the counter, the coffee urns, the cash-register, glinting in the half light. All normal enough on the surface; but underneath, behind there, in the kitchen, in the ice-box, there was mildew, rot, slow assassination, conscienceless and sustained Greek history . . . A dreadful excitement seized him. He could have yelled, "Don't eat here, it's poisoned!" But he clenched his teeth and only moaned to himself. He felt as though he were the sole witness of a crime of unparalleled dimensions, condemned to watch, to say nothing, and therefore to bear the guilt along with the prime mover. Then, not caring whether Ezio had seen him or not, he would dash past his Shoppe homeward, not to sleep, but to entertain hideous visions of two hundred and twenty, two hundred and twelve, two hundred and seven victims clutching their stomachs, and turning upon him, upon Mario, their tormented faces, while the distorted lips framed the words, "You knew, all the time."

He knew all the time and did nothing.

ing about it! He did not try to bring it to a head, live or die, give them a fighting chance. Rat poison would be more honest, just a smear of it on the meat, in the coffee urn, in the corners, to make them know, once for all, before it was too late, what kind of place it was! Oh, how clearly he saw it, as he turned his perspiring face from the nightmare of the writhing lips. How clearly he saw that it was better to send a few to the hospital now than to condemn hundreds to secret inner decay, while the GOOD PLACE TO EAT flourished in abomination and the procession started out from the south-east corner of Tryon and Charter, Mario Peccorar at the head, for unknown destinations of poverty and humiliation.

III

He was a stranger to himself, he did not recognize the cast and countenance of his thoughts, when he left the house at two o'clock in the morning, the round, yellow box of rat poison paste in his left hand coat pocket. He was not accustomed to heroic deeds. His day-dreams had not been connected, before this time, with the salvation of hundreds, or the assertion of great principles. His heart had responded to simpler, sweeter visions of triumph, the paying off of the debt to Luciano, the dresser for Matilda, the second-hand car; and it was not constructed to house the enormous self-approbation which now, in this dread hour, threatened to burst it while he walked, by a roundabout route, to the north-west corner of Tryon and Charter.

He crossed Charter Street two

blocks from Tryon, and, looking southward, saw the framework of neon lights round the windows of his Shoppe. Ezio was there, serving a customer or leaning with his elbows on the counter, all unaware that, two hundred yards away, his employer was passing on a tremendous mission of salvation. Mario felt his heart going out to Ezio; he would have like to go in for a few minutes: not to tell him, of course—that was impossible—but just to be himself again, to take a rest from this fantastically impossible, heroic figure which he felt himself to have become. The impulse rose and died. He hurried on and slipped down the alley which ran parallel with Charter Street. The box in his left hand coat pocket kept hitting his side. It had grown inexplicably heavy.

The back door of the Greek's shop was only three inches higher than his reach. He leapt, hooked his fingers over the top, twisted his body side-ways and braced his feet against the brick door posts. Lightly and easily he scrambled over and let himself down on the other side. To the right was the wall which separated the lunch counter from the haberdashery store of Louis Epstein. On the left was a little outhouse, and further up the yard, also to the left, the kitchen. Dim light came down from the cloudy sky. An arc lamp on Tryon Street lit up a patch of wall behind the restaurant. Very stealthily Mario passed his hands along the window sill and brought his face side-ways to the pane. After a long while he made out a table, utensils, two white chairs, the icebox. His heart thumped steadily, sending

rhythmic shocks through his body.

The top of the lower window pane was beyond his reach. Around him in the yard glimmered white boxes, tins, barrels and indistinguishable debris. The barrels looked sturdy. He rolled one over, inch by inch, toward the window, settled it firmly, and climbed on it like a little boy. He took out his pen knife, and passed the stronger blade between the frames, shoving the catch to one side. Then he forced the lower window up slowly and crawled onto the table.

Here he stayed a while, on all fours, like a frightened cockroach. He felt something was wrong; there was a horrible disparity between the gigantic motives which had impelled him to this undertaking and the miserable indignity of his posture. Great actions were not composed of such elements as climbing over alley doors and crawling in through windows. He groaned and, frightened by the sound of it, began to move again. He managed to turn round on the table and to find his way to the floor.

By now he was moving like a hypnotized person, not in answer to his own, immediate impulses, but in accordance with instructions issued to him, hours before, by another, an unknown person. He passed his hand up and down the icebox, found the handle, and swung open the door. He could not see what meat was inside; either there was not enough light or he was in no condition to identify the cuts. He stood there a long time, his left hand in his coat pocket, fingering the yellow box, his right hand on the cold shelf. He was thinking: Just one smear, a little one,

is really enough; only here, not in the coffee pot. One smear with the finger.

A voice said: "What do you want, buddy?"

He was not frightened; or, rather, there was no increase in his fear because that was impossible. He merely stood there and thought of little Joe selling the Coltertown *Times* with his father's picture in it. Two pictures, one front, one sideways; they were always like that. Without a collar.

"You must be up against it pretty damn bad."

Yes, I am, thought Mario, up against it where no one can help me any more. I've done it! I've finished myself! Resignation, damply sweet, poured through all his flesh. He took his hand from the icebox shelf and turned toward the voice.

There was a huge figure, whitish, seated on something, a couch or bed.

He sleeps in his own kitchen, thought Mario.

The idea was so homelike, so sad, so intimate, so kindly, even, that Mario would not drop it. The Greek, the murderer, the wholesale poisoner, sleeping in his own kitchen, alone, a very poor man.

"Did you want some meat?" the voice asked.

He managed to croak, "Sure."

"There ain't much. I'm up against it myself."

For a long time there was no sound. The figure on the couch had shrunk; the head was down, the body sagged. It occurred to Mario, incredibly, that he might simply go out, the other would not stop him; he would go out through the window and it would be as if nothing had happened. He

coughed and took a step toward the window. The figure started.

"Don't go, buddy. I'm scared."

The cry paralyzed Mario again.

"I'm scared what I'm going to do to myself. I don't know where to go. I don't know what to say. I want to talk to someone. Buddy, you know where Kalamata is?"

"Who?" whispered Mario.

"No. No who. It's a place in Greece. I got a wife and two kids there. I want to go back. I got nothing left. No rent. No gas. I've tried to work up this business, but . . ."

Mario heard him breathing heavily. Then he talked again, more to himself, beginning with, "What's the good?" and trailing off unintelligibly into a strange language.

"I guess you better go," he said at last.

Mario looked first at the window and then in the direction of the door. Crawl out now? How could he? But he dared not ask for light.

The Greek had risen, and now came ghostlike toward Mario. "I give you something," he said, and pulled a

slab of meat out of the icebox. "Here."

Mario held out his arms as if to receive a baby. In the darkness the Greek guided him to the door, and opened it. "Two steps down," he said.

With his burden before him, Mario walked the length of the yard, the Greek behind him. The warm night air stirred slightly. The far-off sound of a claxon, hollow, reminded him of an unreal world. When the two men came to the back door Mario turned his face leftward, away from the Greek. The latter shot back the bolt, "Good-bye, buddy," he said.

Mario walked rigidly down the alley, into Tryon street, like a man carrying a dead child. He crossed diagonally. The door of the Coffee Shoppe was open.

Dumbly he walked up to the counter and deposited his burden. Just as dumbly Ezio stared at him, his eyes filled with an incoherent questioning. But Mario did not answer. He flung himself on the slab of meat and burst into a bitter sobbing.

—MAURICE SAMUEL.

HE BOUGHT THE WRONG NUMBER



This man did not win the sweepstakes.
No reporter interviewed him.
No photographer snapped his smiling family.

He bought the wrong number.
He had planned to buy a Chevrolet.
To take his children to Florida.
To give money to the unemployed.
Unfortunately his horse didn't run.

—OTTO S. MAYER



"Merry Christmas, General"

DECEMBER, 1936



AN INRO OF LUCK IN LOVE

Hanging from the girdle, the inro's cords pass through a netsuke. This scene, in lacquer and mother-of-pearl, shows the old couple of Takasago, symbolic of wedded bliss, with the crane and the tortoise, symbols of longevity. Ten other color pages show netsuke.

CORONET

A NOTE ON NETSUKE

STANDING UNDER THREE INCHES HIGH
EACH TOOK OVER THREE YEARS TO MAKE



There are people who collect almost everything, from matchbook covers down or up to stamps. A lot of these collections are of no possible interest to anyone but another collector of the same thing. And then, of course, there are people who collect Raphaels and Rembrandts. Who wouldn't? But it's true that the masterpieces of art are out of reach of all but the most portly purses. Still, there are exceptions. Consider, for instance, the Japanese masterpieces of miniature sculpture, known as netsuke (and pronounced net-skee). At their best they are as perfect as anything Praxiteles or Phidias ever chiseled out of marble, yet even at their best they are still within the reach of people in the middle brackets of wealth. Even the finest of netsuke, such as the exquisite little kinoki wood statue of Niō in Adolph Kroch's collection, will hardly run higher than \$500, while you can get some genuine and representative examples of the art of the netsuke carver for as little as \$25. . . . The golden age of netsuke carving extends (though not unbrokenly) from the early seventeenth century to the middle nineteenth. All of those shown in the color plates in this issue are from that period, as are most of the fifteen

hundred in Mr. Kroch's collection which is one of the most notable in this century . . . Mr. Kroch is the Chicago bookseller who has stores (including Brentano's) in half a dozen cities. He has been collecting netsuke for twenty-five years and has a magnificent collection. That of the Metropolitan Museum in New York is the finest in the country. It was another bookseller, Vrooman of San Francisco, who gathered its nucleus. And oddly enough it was still another bookseller, the German publisher Brockhaus, who formed the most notable collection of all and fostered the vogue by writing the first book on netsuke. Charlie Chaplin is another netsuke collector . . . You will find them in curio and antique shops and (if you only want to look at them) in museums in all large cities. The curio shops along Madison Avenue in New York offer a good hunting ground for the netsuke-collector. And of course they come up at fine arts auctions where you may get a good buy unless you run up against another netsuke-hunter. If he's a Japanese don't bid. The Japs have a curious patriotism that inclines them to be proud of paying much, rather than little, for a Japanese object of art!

—A. G.



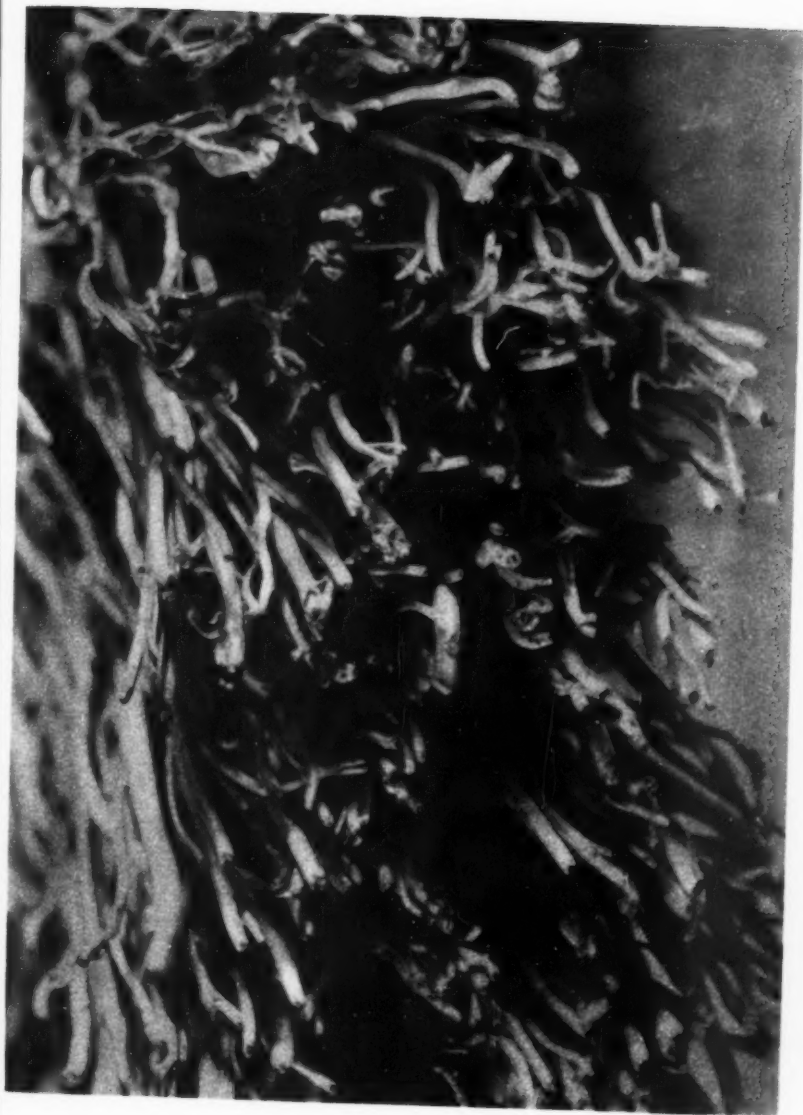
W. M. TILLERY

PHOENIX, ARIZ.

MR. HOPPER

CORONET

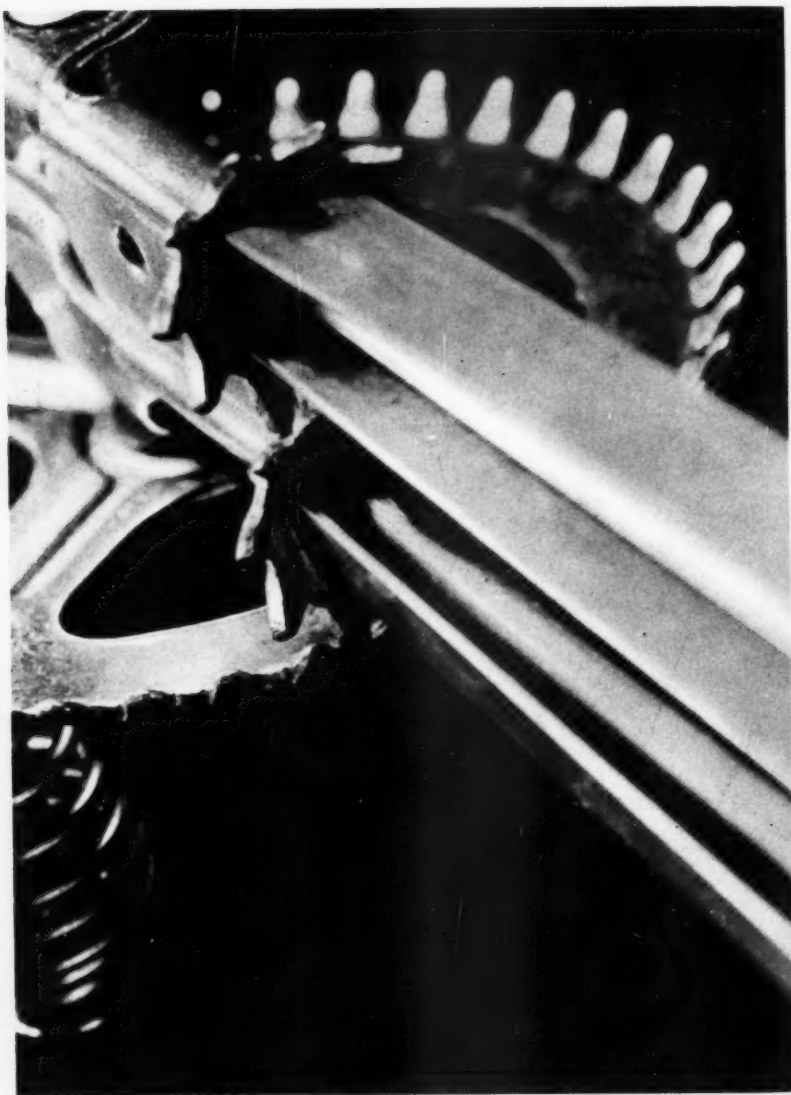
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KEYSTONE PHOTO

WHISK BROOM

DECEMBER, 1936



WESTELIN

CHICAGO

EGG BEATER

CORONET



WESTELIN

CHICAGO

SOAP FLAKES

DECEMBER, 1936

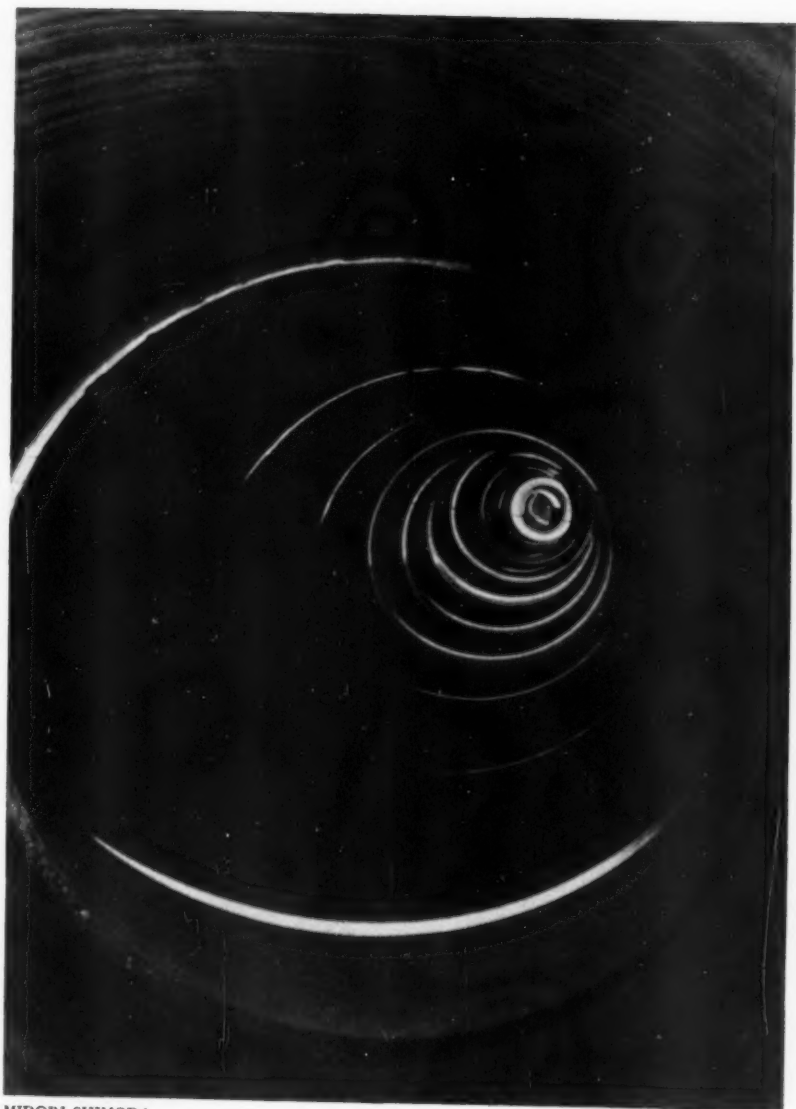


MIDORI SHIMODA

PASADENA, CALIF.

CARNIVAL OF ONIONS

CORONET



CALIF.

MIDORI SHIMODA

PASADENA, CALIF.

SEWAGE PIPE

DECEMBER, 1936

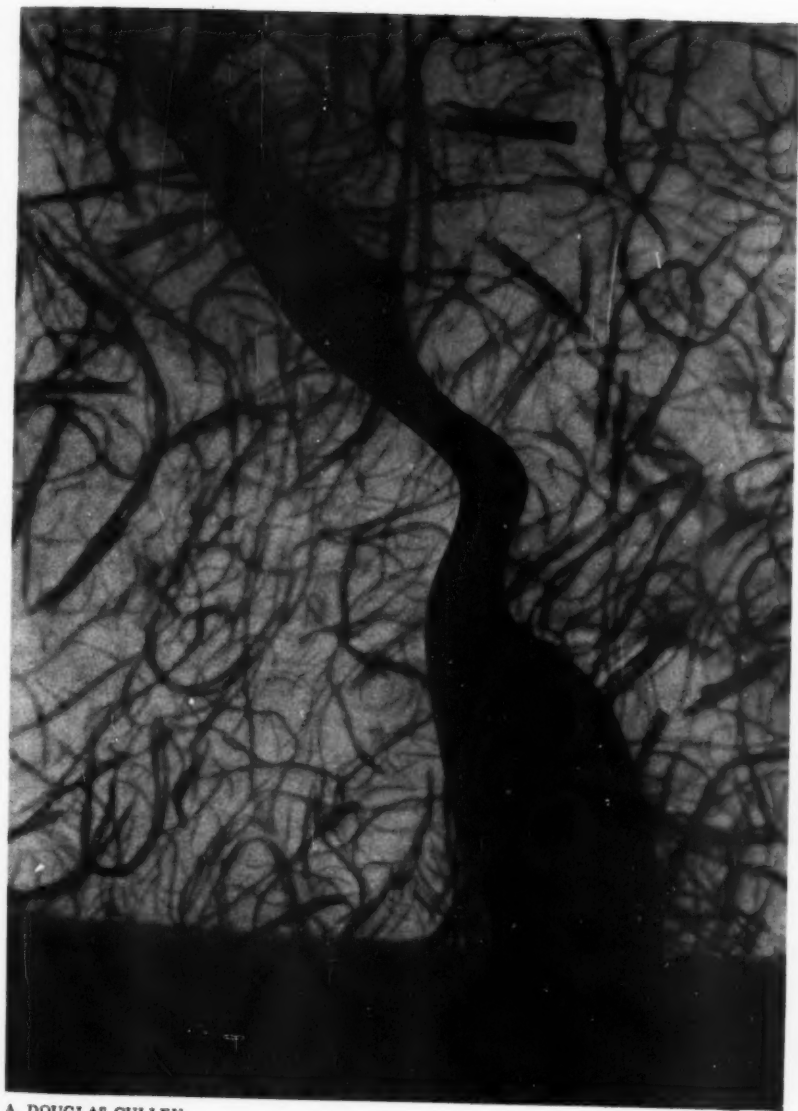


RUTH BERNHARD

BLACK STAR PHOTO

SCREW EYES

CORONET

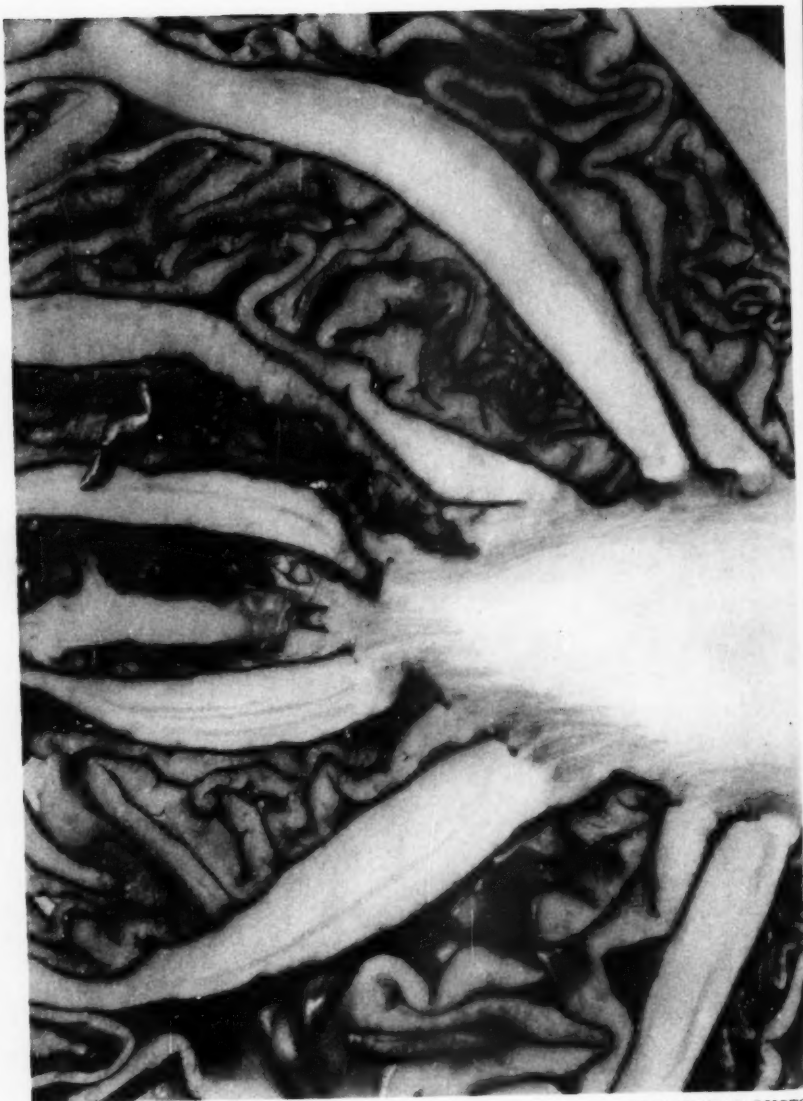


A. DOUGLAS CULLEN

BLACK STAR PHOTO

PELICAN PROFILE

DECEMBER, 1936



EDWARD WESTON

BLACK STAR PHOTO

RED CABBAGE

CORONET



PHOTO



EDWARD QUIGLEY

PHILADELPHIA

MYSTERY OF LIGHT

DECEMBER, 1936



ERNEST M. PRATT

NO. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

ARABIANS

CORONET



PIERRE BETZ

COLMAR, FRANCE

BUTCHER'S STALL

DECEMBER, 1936



FRED G. KORTH

CHICAGO

QUI VIVE

CORONET



JACK BARSBY

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF

FRIENDS

DECEMBER, 1936

MEXICAN HERB DOCTORS

A LITTLE BETTER THAN NOTHING
AND COSTING VERY LITTLE MORE



The first thing that strikes one, looking over a Mexican herb-peddler's stock on the sidewalk which is his display-window, salesroom and prescription-counter, is that it must be considerable of a trick to remember what kind of vegetation his piles of dried weeds, sticks, chaffy birdseed, pulverized leaves and hunks of dried tree-root originally grew on. Two-thirds of the remedies look exactly alike; all of them look like rubbish. There are no labels on anything, and, as even a moderate-sized layout will run to over a hundred *yerbas medicinales*, with curative properties ranging from falling hair to diabetes, epilepsy and tumors, the mere job of filling his customers' orders without poisoning any of them must take a memory equal to the card-sense of a steamboat gambler. He doesn't stop with merely dispensing medicine, either. On call, he is prepared to diagnose and prescribe for any cash customer without charging a cent for the extra service; and, since he never changes his location to get away from misdoctored patients or their grieving relatives, it is plain either that he must be very skillful, or that his drugs must be very weak, or that his patients and customers must be very, very tough.

Many of his drugs, undoubtedly are so weak as to be utterly harmless. Their inefficiency seems to have no effect on their popularity. People buy them for incurable or undoctorable vague ailments, probably on the theory that anything that tastes nasty is practically bound to be good for them. For pernicious anaemia, for instance, the herb-peddler's corrective is a tea of *hojas de nogal*—dried walnut leaves. For cholera, it is the flowers of the common scarlet salvia; for internal injuries (anything from appendicitis to bleeding at the lungs) the recommended system-builder is an infusion either of squash-vine (*guaje cirial*) or of *palo de olate*, which is the shoots of the wild Mexican bamboo.

For whooping-cough, no less than five species of cures are on sale; pennyroyal, a dwarf heather called *gordo lobo*, leaves of horse-chestnut, and a couple of *yerbitas*, too decomposed to be identified, called *tabachin* and *huaco*. Gonorrhea gets off with only two remedies, one of which—*capitaneja*—is also a reliable hair-wash. It might even come in handy in laundering your shirts, too, for it appears to belong to the herb family which the pioneers used to call dwarf soapweed. The other of the two



SCULPTORS AT THEIR WORK

The tiny figures seen at work erecting a statue of Niō, one of the two giant guard-figures seen at the gateway of a Buddhist temple, give an uncanny illusion of height to this precious netsuke of natural-finished hinoki wood, here photographed in its actual size.

DECEMBER, 1936



THE BOY IN THE LION'S MOUTH

This carved and lacquered ivory netsuke represents a youngster playfully donning the street-carnival mark of one of his elders. The mask is a lion's head with movable jaws. When the jaws are closed the composition then becomes only a still life arrangement of masks.

CORONET

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remedies—*carricillo*—has only the one medicinal virtue, and ought by the rule of specialization to perform the faster cure. But there is no difference in price, and the peddler refused to admit that one was any better health-restorer than the other. It was, he said, entirely a matter of taste. Some preferred one, some the other, and the people who could afford it took their troubles to the doctor, who charged them a terrible price as a penalty for being educated out of their confidence in good, economical, time-tested medicine.

All the street-peddler's drugs, no matter what they are or what they cure, cost exactly the same—a small handful for five *centavos*, which in United States currency is about a cent and a half. Dried cornsilk, which can be picked free along any lane in the country, goes at exactly the same rate as *peyotes*, which have to be imported from adjoining States, and are forbidden by law to be trafficked in at all. They are the buttons of the echino cactus, and one of the most violent narcotics, along with *marihuana*, in the whole vegetable kingdom; so that the peddler, too busy with his science to keep posted on its legal aspects, is really bootlegging but not smart enough to cash in on it.

Not that any of the peddlers would really make anything by combining to hike prices. Their trade is almost entirely with the *paisano*, who, having to live and keep a family on about twenty-five cents a day, buys herbs for his ailments simply because they cost what he can afford to pay. Patent medicines are so entirely out of his income that herb-peddlers and

drug-stores in Mexico can't be considered in competition at all. He lets manufactured remedies alone, not because he wouldn't enjoy them, but because he can't afford them. If the price of herbs went up, he would have to let them alone too, or else go out and pick them himself. Knowing exactly what his customers will stand, the sidewalk peddler holds a monopoly on the *paisano* drug trade that no drug manufacturer can ever steal, for nothing short of an economic explosion can ever make it worth stealing.

It is this monopoly of the trade of an entire class—including probably two-thirds of the population of the Republic—that has given the herbal pharmacopeia such an astonishing range of ailments to deal with. In comparison, the country herb-remedies of the United States sound infantile. The farm I was raised on had hoarhound, for colds; pennyroyal and feverfew for overheated blood; sassafras-bark for the blood; a cascara-tree which was barked when anybody needed a physic; and a patch of tansy as a woman's tonic. For any illness outside that list—and for most things inside it, if they hurt much—we went for the doctor.

A doctor who tried to live on what the Mexican herb-medicines miss would have most of his time to himself. Outside of fractures and contagious diseases, they overlook almost nothing that has been going long enough to have symptoms. The table of cures possible in an ordinary stock includes: anaemia, arthritis, biliousness, blood impurities, bruises, cholera, colic, constipation, coughs, cuts, diabetes, diuretic cases, dysentery,

epilepsy, falling hair, fevers, female disorders, gastritis, gonorrhea, grippe, headache, heart disease, insomnia, internal hemorrhages, inflammations (outside and inside), jaundice, liver, nerves (stimulant and sedative), neuralgia, overeating, perspiration, rheumatism, snakebites, St. Vitus' dance, sexual sterility, tumors. There were also some ailments that, like some of his guaranteed cures, sounded entirely imaginary. All of the street-stands do a rushing business in remedies for *el aire*, which, according to the *peons*, is a disorder in the brain by which wind, generated inside the skull, blows out through the eardrum, annoying them terribly. The treatment indicated is to plug the auricular cavity with a big wad of boiled leaves to shut off the draft while distilling salutary humors down into the source of it.

This manner of explaining and treating what in some cases is probably a bad mastoid, and in most pure fancy, may seem comical to the better educated *Norte Americano* who refuses to fall for anything less convincing than the chiropractic doctrine of misplaced vertebrae and the anatomical information dispensed by Doctor Goat-Gland Brinkley. As a matter of economic comparison, however, the *peon* has all the best of it. The Mexican peasant, accustomed from generations to diagnose and dose himself for a couple of cents, can still go right on with his doctoring, not only for anything that has laid him up, but also for invented disorders that never really happened to anybody.

Not nearly all of these *yerbas medicinales* can be put off into the bread-pill class of cures. An impressive list

of them are actual and effective remedies, with characters backed up not merely by illiterate tradition, but by analysis and experiment of independent scientists and of the Instituto Médico Nacional of Mexico. These authorities have found that the common posy called *flor de corazon* or *flor de manita*—the bloom of a species of tulip-tree—is a help in certain heart ailments, exactly as the peasants claim it to be; the *tronadora*, a common species of wild broom, actually does help diabetes; the *simonillo* (bot. *conyza filiganoides*) is in fact as well as in faith a stimulant to gastric secretions and peristalsis; and the *damiana* (bot. *turnera diffusa*) has been conceded such power as a restorative for rundown nerves that it is being exported to Germany in fifty-ton lots for the manufacture of a patent-medicine pick-me-up. The *ajocopaque*, a plant of the wintergreen family which grows in the State of Puebla, is a medically guaranteed pain killer in cases of rheumatism; the *cicutilla* (*parthenium hysterophorus*) has proved on analysis to contain an analgesic effective against neuralgia and articular rheumatism; and the doctors have only recently caught up with the *pelados* in recognizing that, for a diuretic combining efficacy with cheapness, there is nothing to beat ordinary old cornsilk.

There are some peasant herbs that have turned out, on scientific investigation, to possess even more medical properties than their users ever credited them with. For example, the *tumbavaqueros*, a remote member of the jalap species. By ordinary Mexicans, it is used simply, and not with

any particular care, as a sleeping-draft. The lower orders, who don't require any medicine to make them sleep, use it to relieve epilepsy and St. Vitus' dance. The *cientificos* who took the plant apart, while agreeing that it was certainly good for all such cases, agreed also that it was a most dangerous purgative which, if administered by unskilled hands, might rid the patient not only of his jerkiness, but of all the rest of his troubles along with it. It is true that nobody outside of scientific circles seems to have heard of the warning, and that the trade in this particular weed thrives without anybody, apparently, getting killed by it, which is also the case with another plant of almost as high popularity and a far blacker reputation among the doctors.

This is an herb of Aztec lineage, called *zoapatle*. As an aid in childbirth, the medical authorities concede that it is extremely valuable; at any other season, it should be left strictly alone, for it is a powerful and vicious abortive, so dangerous to the taker that the public at large shouldn't be allowed to fool with it at all. Nevertheless, it continues to be sold and used, probably without even any precautionary directions, for the peddler, when asked what it is for, will usually suggest any vague ailment that comes into his head—congestion, inflammation, the kidneys, or, more elaborately, *para descomponer las residuas de un golpe interior*. The same unjust set of directions go with the *istafiate* which, though really an old-line specific of the school of Lydia

Pinkham, is commonly recommended for biliousness, overeating, bad dreams, or anything, apparently that the peddler guesses you are ailing from.

This carelessness with powerful drugs is really less harmful than it looks. There are very few cases where the people who buy such medicines need to be told what they are for or how to use them. The lore of the grandmothers has been kept intact from prehistoric times. And, if some of the peddler's prescriptions do cure afflictions that the patient hadn't intended to treat, there is one that drives center with an accuracy that more than makes up for any accidental casualties from his homely physic. Its purpose is to revive flagging manhood; or, as he put it more tactfully, *para tener familia*. The formula is equal parts of dried jimsonweed, *peyotes*, and sticks of the American mistletoe, mixed, brewed into tea and swallowed on an empty stomach. The entire treatment costs one American nickel. Such a price may sound unbusinesslike; but, as anybody will take oath who has ever witnessed the jimsonweed and *peyote* cults among the United States Indians, there won't be anything unbusinesslike about the results. With only the first two ingredients, it is easily the best medicinal bargain on the continent. If the mistletoe makes it any stronger, one hardly knows which to wonder at most—the weakness of a race that needs that much stimulating, or its strength in being able to hold down such a concoction of explosives.

—H. L. DAVIS

Mr. Davis is the author of 'Honey In The Horn,' winner of the Harper Novel Prize in 1935 and the Pulitzer Prize in 1936. He lives in Oregon, the scene of his first novel.



"Don't tell me you've taken the cream off Fifi's Grade A milk!"

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ZIPPERS GET STUCK

*MORE THAN THE MATTER OF FIXING
WAS THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING*



Professor Jones—Jonesey of the Political Science Department—usually got his wine from a friend in Napa Valley, and when he received two jugs the other day, I went over to help him sample and decide which brand to stock up on. Jones never did anything without first carefully considering all the possible pros and cons, so I knew he expected an honest endeavor and a candid opinion from me.

First we tried a glass of the red wine. Poured it out carefully, sniffed it, held it to the light and studied its opalescence. That's what Jones called it. Then we sipped a little, rolled our tongues, and let the wine trickle down our dry gullets.

"How do you like the body?" said Jones.

"Fine," I said, "let's try some of that other stuff now. That yellow or amber colored or whatever you call it."

So we had a glass of the yellow wine. It was rather sweet and seemed to opalesce more than the red. I said to Jones, and that pleased him. "What do you think of the bouquet?" he said. "It's O.K." I said, "but I think if we taste the red again we could tell better. The contrast, you know." "Excellent idea," said Jones.

The red still had quite a bit of body but seemed drier than before, so we quickly took another sip of the yellow to ascertain whether perhaps the sudden change from one to the other had not possibly fooled our taste buds. It was still very sweet but it did seem to have acquired a little different flavor.

"You know," said Jones, "to be really scientific we should take a glass of water between and thus neutralize the effects. Be impartial, you see." He fetched a pitcher of ice water.

I looked at him dubiously. "Are we to swallow it?" I asked. That was apparently not necessary, for after pondering upon the idea a moment Jones decided that it would be superfluous to swallow the water. "After all, it has performed its function when it has rinsed our mouths," he said.

So we took a mouthful of water and, to be really sure, even gargled our throats, but we did not swallow it, for, as Jones had said, that was not necessary.

We then tried the wines again, each time with the water precaution between drinks, and it really was extremely difficult to decide which was the better, so Jones was considerably perturbed. "We have to decide, you know," he said, "let's try once more."

We did so.

"Jonesey," I said, "this red wine is good. It's good, but it's pretty dog-gone dry. It almost puckers your palate." "A point well taken," said Jones. "And this yellow wine is wonderful, but it's too sweet," I continued. "By Jove, you're right," said Jones. "So what we'll do," I said, "is to put a little of the sweet wine in the dry." "Mix them?" said Jones. "Sure," I said. "Can you do that?" Jones said with interest. "Why not," I said, "you can always try."

We went out in the kitchen and got his wife's measuring cups, and first we tried a mixture of three parts of red to one part of yellow. "Ah," said Jones, "I think we have something here!" He was eager to explore this new idea and suggested, "Let's try it with a little less of the sweet." Our next batch was mixed on the ratio of four to one, and then we had one, just as an experiment, on the ratio of nine to one, but that was decidedly too dry, I thought. "Yes, you're right," Jones said, "somewhere between four and nine lies the happy medium." The only way we could find that mean was by the slow and careful method of trial and error.

"Let us proceed with care and judgment," said Jones, "let us do this right and keep track of each step." And he got out pencil and paper and at the top wrote, "Nine to one: out." and at the bottom he wrote, "Four to one: out." "Now," said Jones with satisfaction, "We'll descend from the nine and ascend from the four until we strike the exact ratio." I thought that was a marvelous idea and we began the elimination process.

One time we almost got mixed up. We had one batch of five to one and another of seven and a half to one ready for appreciative conning when the telephone rang. Jones went to answer it and I went along for no reason I can think of just now. It was only some committee wanting to know whether Jones was coming or not, so Jones said no, and when we got back to our samples we did not know which was which. To eliminate any inexactitude in our record we just consumed both batches and wrote nothing down but started in anew where we had left off. Finally we reached almost complete agreement on the ratio of six and a half to one. It retained that warm, rich body, was just perceptibly astringent, and the yellow wine lent it vivacity and tang. Jones thought it might possibly be a little wee bit sweet yet, but his face shone with the joy of accomplishment, and then Mrs. Jones came home.

"John," she said, "see if you can fix my handbag. It won't shut and it won't open."

"Certainly, my Sweet," said Jones, who has a firm conviction that an educated man can do anything if he only proceeds with care and judgment. "Let's see it."

Mrs. Jones had a nice handbag made of some kind of skin in a kind of ivory color and a zipper at the top. The sort you pull one way and it opens and the other way and it closes. The thing you pull with was located about two inches from one end, and it would not move in either direction.

"We'll have this fixed in no time," said Jones. "In the meantime try some

of this wine, darling."

"Oh, dear me," said Mrs. Jones, "have you men been drinking! And, John, you forgot that meeting!"

"That's all right, Sweet. Try some of this." And he poured her a glass of our six and a half and she said it tasted kind of funny. "That's a woman for you," said Jones, "after all our efforts!"

"You fellows will have to get out of the kitchen now. I have to start supper," she said, and Jones and I went into his study. I had been trying to pull the zipper open but without success. "See if you can open it," I said, "doggone if I can." Jones pulled this way and that way but nothing happened.

"It's stuck," I said.

"Well, my dear boy of course it's stuck. Why else should the woman have given it to us?"

"The carriage is what's stuck," I said.

"The carriage?" said Jones.

"Sure, the carriage. That's the carriage, that thing that goes back and forth."

"You mean this gadget here?" said Jones. "That's it," I said. "All right, all right. I'll grant you the carriage; however, I reserve my own opinions. I boast no intimate knowledge of manufacturer's jargon. But we shall proceed on the premise that your carriage is stuck. All right. The first thing to ascertain is the operative principle."

"What principle?" I said.

"The principle, my dear sir, upon which this ingenious device depends for its successful operation. The *modus operandi* in other words."

"Why that's simple," I said, "you

pull it this way and it opens and you pull it the other way and it closes."

"That's no principle," said Jones, "that's just how it works. Obviously some condition requisite to the operation has not obtained or else some condition has obtained which is antagonistic to the principle. That's fundamental. The first step is to investigate the former."

"Why not the latter?" I said. "A stupid remark," said Jones, "How would you recognize the latter if you didn't know the former?" I parried. "Listen carefully," said Jones trying to be patient, "if you had a mechanism like a gyroscope for instance, and it stopped, how would you know what was wrong if you didn't know how it works?" "Couldn't you try winding it up?" I said, "maybe it just needed winding." "You don't wind gyroscopes, it's the rotation of the earth makes them go," said Jones. "Why then if the earth stopped . . ." I started but Jones interrupted me, "Never mind, let's get back to the zipper. You admit something is wrong, don't you?" "Yes, I admit that, and I think it needs oil. Gadgets like that need oil sometimes you know," I said. "Yes, that's an idea," said Jones, "maybe that's all it needs. Let's betake ourselves to the basement where all the tools are. Don't forget the jug."

In the basement we poured some oil on the zipper, and Jones pulled and wrenched and snorted and became red in the face, but nothing happened.

"Hold this," he said, "it keeps twisting on me." I took hold of one end of the bag and held it firmly while Jones applied all his efforts to the

carriage. Nothing happened.

"Dammit," said Jones, "let's stop a while and survey the situation. We are apparently not using the correct measures. Let's have a drink while we think."

We sat down and had some more of the six and a half. "Force," Jones stated, "incorrectly applied is merely a wasteful consumption of energy."

"You can't consume energy," I said, "you only transform it."

"Don't be facetious," said Jones, "you know very well what I mean. We have to use brains, not brawn."

"All right, give it to me," I said, but Jones only glared at me and continued, "We can't let this thing beat us. Let us consider this—this—well, this carriage. Observe its trapeziform shape. There must clearly be a reason for such a shape.

"It pushes those hooks together," I said.

"Yes, yes, I grant that, but how does it push them together?"

"The shape of the carriage brings them together. Then they interlock," I said, and I felt proud of that, for that's what they do: they interlock.

"If we only could see the underside of this carriage we might learn something," Jones said. He was poking his fingers through the opening—he could get only two fingers through—and was feeling the inside of the bag and the zipper. "It's just smooth," he said "feels like silk." He tried to look in, he tried to turn the bag inside out; a compact and three hairpins fell out. Jones was scratching his head. "If we only could see the inside," he said. Suddenly he bounced up. "I got it!" he cried, "Come on!"

He rushed up to the phone in the hall and called Bill Henderson, a dentist who lived down the street. Jones got him on the wire. "That you, Bill? Yes, this is me. Say, I want you to come over right away. What's that! Oh, let that go. I need your help, and bring one of those gadgets, you know what you fellows poke into people's mouth to see the back of their teeth. Yes, yes, one of those things with a little mirror on the end. Yeah, that's right. Bring your whole kit to be sure. Come right over."

"That'll do it," Jones said to me as he hung up. "Now we'll see what's under that carriage."

Bill came over and after pronouncing our six and a half perfect he went to work with his mirrors. "What do you see?" said Jones.

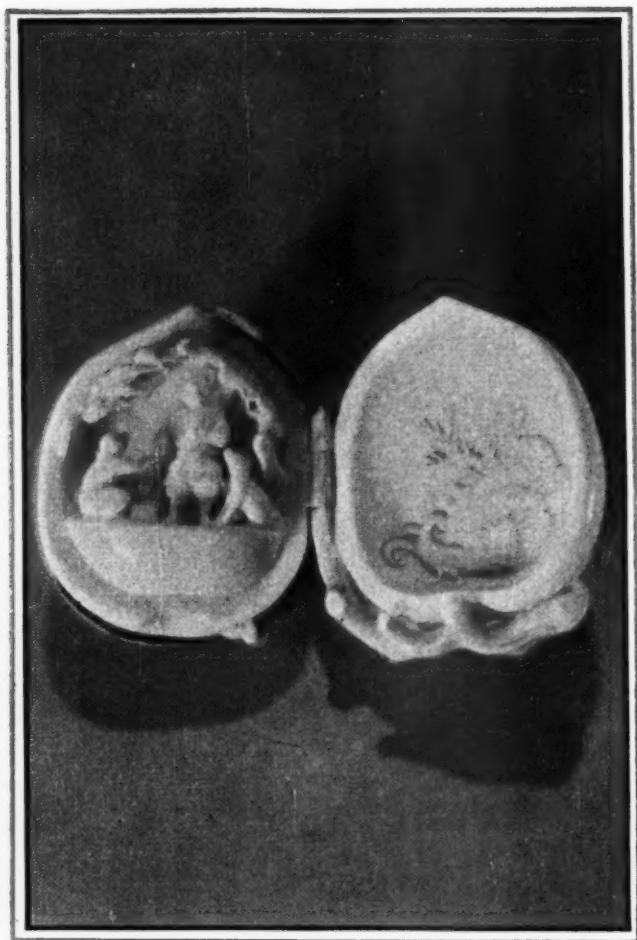
"Uh, well, I don't know what it is. Looks like a surgical or maybe torturing instrument of some kind," Bill said. "What!" said Jones. "Yes, it looks like some kind of scissors," Bill said. "Oh, that," Jones exclaimed, "that's what my wife plucks her finger nails with or something. You're looking the wrong way. Look up. Under this gadget. Here, let me see." And Jones manipulated the instrument so he could see the underside of the carriage and he studied it carefully. Eventually he looked up, triumph in his eyes. "The silk lining is caught in the carriage," he announced. The bag was lined with silk on the inside and it had caught in the zipper. "What'd I tell you!" he shouted, "there's your trouble. There's our antagonistic condition, now we know. Now we deserve another drink. Then to work!" Mrs. Jones came down just



THE MAKER OF MASKS

The Noh mask maker, wearing one, holding another, displaying the rest, awaits patronage. The masks each fit into his right hand as well as over his face and are kept, nested, in the box. Box and torso of wood; head, hands, feet and masks of ivory. Actual size.

DECEMBER, 1936



THE TALE OF THE PEACHLING

The Japanese tell of a childless old man, past hope of fatherhood, who one day found a peach afloat on a stream and breaking it open found Momotaro, forever after famed as Little Peachling, within. He is always seen, as in this ivory netsuke, playing with animals.

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then and Jones proudly made our discovery known to her.

"Why of course," she said, "of course the lining is caught. Didn't I tell you that? I could feel it with my fingers."

Jones, unperturbed, went on, "And now to the second step, gentlemen. The removal of the disturbing influence."

Bill had become interested by that time and said, "You can't do it." "Why not?" said Jones belligerently. "Because when those zippers go haywire you're out of luck," said Bill. "Why?" said Jones. "They're the orneriest things you ever saw," said Bill. "Nonsense," Jones shouted, "what man has done he can do again."

Mrs. Jones went upstairs again telling us that supper would be ready in an hour and would we please not get the bag dirty.

Now, with the trouble located, Jones had new hopes. "All we got to do now is get the lining out of the carriage and everything will be all right," he said. "How'll you get it out?" I said. "How!" Jones said, "That's what we have to figure out now, idiot. Have another drink, Bill."

"The main trouble," Jones continued, "is that we can't hold the bag steady while we pull on the zipper." "That's right," I said, "look here, why don't we put the bag in the vise." "Now you're talking," said Jones, and we put one end of the bag in the vise and Jones pulled with all his might on the carriage, but it didn't move. "Can't get hold of it very well," he said, "give me those pliers." I handed him the pliers and he gave a strong

pull and the carriage moved about half an inch, but we also heard a tearing noise. Bill went in with his mirrors and reported that the lining was torn.

"Dammit," said Professor Jones, "Well, now we may as well cut the lining all around the gadget and then it won't tear any more."

Bill got out one of his vicious looking instruments, a sort of crooked knife, and he cut the lining all around the carriage. "Good thing you brought your whole kit," said Jones.

Then Jones gave another tug on the pliers and the carriage moved about a quarter of an inch. "Look here, Jones," I said, "I think you should pull the other way." "Why so?" said Jones, who wants a reason for everything. "Because your wife was obviously trying to open the bag when it got stuck." "Why is that so obvious," said Jones stubbornly, "she might just as well have been trying to close it. There are only two possibilities: open or close; the odds are even." "No," I said, "because as you pull it gets stucker and stucker, while if you pulled in the opposite direction she pulled it should get looser and looser. That's plain common sense like knocking out a wedge." "A wedge?" said Jones. "Yes, a wedge," I said. "A wedge," said Bill, "is merely an application of the inclined plane." "I didn't mean that kind of plain," I said and felt that Bill's pun was decidedly out of place. "I think you guys are nuts," said Professor Jones, "I'm going to ask my wife which way she was pulling when the thing got stuck."

"Hilda!" he shouted up the stairs. "Were you closing or opening it?"

"What you say?" she shouted back. "The bag, when it got stuck, were you closing or opening it?" "Oh, dear, I don't remember. It just got stuck, honey, and don't bother me for I have biscuits in the oven." Jones murmured something about women and returned to our problem.

"Well, let's pull the other way then," Jones said. We put the other end of the bag in the vise and Jones made a heave with the pliers, and the carriage moved all the way to the end. "You see!" I said very pleased, "it just took a little logic to do it." "Well, yes, it wasn't a bad idea," Jones admitted reluctantly, but when he examined the bag he found the piece of lining stuck in the zipper where the carriage had been. He tried to pull it out but it would not come. "You see!" he shouted, "what your logic has done. The problem is merely shifted from your confounded carriage to these—these here—these prongs." He looked at me like an angry bull. "I suppose you will deny that they are prongs?" he demanded. "No," I said, "I don't deny it, but hooks is the technical term." "Well, how are we to get that piece of silk out of these prongs?" Jones asked.

The carriage now moved freely and with a pleasant clicking noise from one end of the bag to the place where the silk was stuck in the hooks, but there it invariably stopped. We tried to pluck out the silk but only got small shreds.

"Suppose we burn it out," said Bill, "the cloth will burn but not the metal." Jones thought that was a pretty good idea and applied a match

to the piece of silk, but it did not burn very well. "Let's soak it in gasoline," I said, "then it'll burn." Jones got out a can of gas and poured some on the zipper, but he must have spilled some on the bag and on his trousers and on the floor, for when he struck a light the whole shooting match became one big flame. Bill, who is a smart head after all, grabbed a fire extinguisher and turned the stream on Jonesey. Jones still had the bag in his hand and was examining it intently. "Dammit," he said, some of the lining is still stuck in these prongs." "The oxygen couldn't get in among the hooks," I said, "that's why it didn't burn. You got to have oxygen to burn." "Oxygen my eye," said Jones, "everything else burned, didn't it?" "Yeah, because it had oxygen," I said.

Jones got a piece of wire and started poking among the hooks, and to the astonishment of all of us the zipper opened up; it opened all the way from the carriage to the other end and the piece of lining fell out.

"Well, I'll be doggone," said Jones, "What do you know about that."

"The heat did it," I said, "it expanded the hooks so they let go. A common phenomenon in physics."

"Nuts," said Jones.

"You deny that heat expands?" I challenged.

"No, I don't," said Jones, "but if heat expanded these prongs they ought to clasp together so much firmer and not let go. Anybody can see that." We would probably have argued for hours if our attention had not been detracted by a new development. Jones pulled the carriage all the way

over, and it moved easily but the zipper did not close. He pulled it back and forth, but the hooks did not interlock.

"I'll be jiggered," said Jones, "here's something entirely new. This is something in an altogether different category. The zipper operates but it does not function." "The heat must have warped the hooks," I said. "The prongs were perfectly all right," said Jones after a close examination. "How do you know?" I said. "How do I know? Look for yourself! They are in perfect shape." "You can't tell with the naked eye," I said, "there may be an infinitesimal change in them and that's all it takes to throw them out of gear." "Let's have another drink," said Bill, and we all agreed to that.

"It all comes back to the operative principle," said Jones thoughtfully. "If we knew just how these prongs are caused to interlock we could fix it. The only thing to do now is to cut this infernal carriage open and see how it looks on the inside." "How will you put it together again?" I asked, and that seemed to stump him, for he did not say anything for a while and just sat there pulling the carriage back and forth, when all of a sudden it got stuck again near one of the ends.

"Now what," said Jones, "now it's stuck again, and there's no silk lining it's stuck in either." This was an unexpected and rather embarrassing relapse, for we all thought we had solved that part of the problem. We pulled and pulled and nothing happened so we put the bag in the vise

again and Jones went to work with the pliers. He gave a great lunge and pulled with his whole body like in a tug-of-war, and with a ripping sound the whole zipper business came loose from the bag and Jones landed on the floor with a thump. We found to our great interest that the zipper had only been sewed on. I think we had all taken it for granted that it was an integral part of the structure of the bag.

"And here it is only an accessory," said Jones. "If we had known that we could have taken it out in the first place we wouldn't have got so many fingermarks on the bag. I'm beginning to think Hilda may make a fuss about them."

"Look," said Bill excitedly, pointing to the zipper which Jones had in his hand, "It's closed!" "Well, blow me down," said Professor Jones, "so it is." And he pulled the carriage the other way and it opened. Then he pulled it back and it closed. It worked perfectly.

"Now will you admit that the prongs were not distorted by the heat," said Jones reopening our argument. "Well, they have cooled by now," I said.

Mrs. Jones shouted to us then that supper was ready and would we please come right away before it got cold. Jones stood there and pulled the zipper open and shut, making that pleasant clicking noise. He looked pleased but also, I maintain, a bit puzzled.

"Well, boys," he said nonchalantly, "we fixed it, but," he added, "let's not tell Hilda until after supper."

—ERHARD ROSTLUND.

Mr. Rostlund was born in Sweden in 1900, is a graduate of an American university, and has spent many years at sea. He lives in Berkeley, California.

KANGAROO STEW

PUT IT ALTOGETHER, IT SPELLS
"AUSTRALIA, BELIEVE IT OR NOT"



Seasons get all crossed up south of the Tropic of Capricorn. So do the polar bears in the Sydney Zoo. They shed their coats in May and fur out again in November, just the way they did back home in Greenland. The poor devils can't comprehend that May is the beginning of cold weather in Australia . . . Australian orchestras played *It's June in January* a lot, but they never could make sense out of the words . . . Being a hardy and hidebound race, the Australians eat plum pudding and roast goose on Christmas when it's likely to be a hundred in the shade . . . American cattle, sent down to the Sydney Easter show this spring, lost all their hair coming through the scorching tropics and had to go on exhibition naked as jay-birds . . .

They say only two private houses in Sydney have central heating. The Australian alleges that heating is unnecessary because it's cold only five months in the year . . . The Australian male often still rolls his own cigarettes. No one-hand artists are observed . . .

Sporting Data: The cabled flash that Phar Lap, the great Australian racehorse, had won at Agua Caliente caused the High Court at Melbourne

to break into applause, judges and all. The criminal courts suspended business for the day . . . When Phar Lap died, the whole country went into mourning. His heart, about the size of a Gladstone bag, is on permanent display in a museum in Canberra . . . Melbourne alone, population a little over a million, supports more race-tracks than New York City . . . There are plenty of swordfish in Australian waters. But big-game fishers just weigh them and throw them away, figuring they aren't fit to eat . . . It's a favorite gag to tell a "new chum" (i. e. tenderfoot) that he's to get a nice swordfish steak for supper . . . Big joke . . . Australian football, a cross between soccer and basketball, is a fast and pretty game. A good man can dropkick a hundred yards . . . The ball is Rugby-shaped with pointed ends. The same good man can dribble it as deftly as if it were a basketball, which takes some doing, if you consider the wild bounce of an American football . . . As played in semi-pro leagues, the game is so popular in Melbourne that season-tickets are sold on the installment plan . . . Baseball is pretty well naturalized in Sydney. They play it as a curtain-raiser for football and

cricket . . . People on Sydney's magnificent beaches never pay much attention when a shark loafs in and fatally nips a swimmer . . . At the water carnivals an aeroplane flies up and down and drops a red streamer when the pilot spots a shark too close in. Then everybody tries to get out of the water in time . . . They usually succeed . . . They say the chances of being "taken" by a shark are less than of being killed by a car. So why worry? . . . Why indeed? . . .

Sculptural Data: A Melbourne movie theatre contains a cast of the *Venus de Milo* with the arms put back on. No busted-up statuary for Melbourne . . . The war-memorial is the most prominent object in any given Australian town. Except possibly the statue of Queen Victoria . . . Blanchetown, on the Murray river, consists of one store, one bar, one shack and a war-memorial . . . Melbourne has a monument to the eight-hour day. Two of them in fact, one indoors and one out . . . At Katoomba, New South Wales, the grounds of the local girls' boarding-school contain a marble statue of Cupid wearing a pair of marble panties . . .

Australia is one of the few nations to which it never occurred to be ashamed of participating in the World War . . . They do celebrate Armistice Day. But the big doings are reserved for the anniversary of the landing of the Anzacs at Gallipoli . . . The reason is, they say, that the war made the world notice Australia for the first time. Which gives you an idea . . . You get much the same idea out of watching the parade of the volunteer life-saving corps from all over at their

annual show-off on Bondi Beach . . . The excuse for the way the life-savers in fancy uniform bathing-suits strut in the march-past is that you can't march properly in sand . . . But that doesn't explain the way they stick out their chests when they're standing still . . . There's a lot of Boy Scout in almost any Australian. He even likes to wear tubular khaki shorts . . .

Alimentary Data: Sydney oysters are the best in the world . . . Queensland grows a tropical fruit, like a green rolling-pin without handles, which ripens two inches per day and tastes like a mixture of orange, pineapple, raspberry, melon and banana. They call it "tropical fruit salad" . . . Australian lamb is so good you don't mind eating it twice a day "out back" (i.e. in the sticks) . . . There are only half a dozen dining-cars in the Commonwealth. The Australian railroads still use the old system of "twenty minutes for dinner—bell rings just before the train starts" . . . In twenty minutes a dinkum Aussie (i.e. 100% Australian) can stow away soup, fish, meat, two vegetables, dessert and tea and have a quick one at the bar beforehand . . . There is very little plumbing "out back." *Hint to vaudeville agents:* Chic Sale would get over great in Australia. If the censor didn't crab his act . . . American movie-magazines often appear on Australian news-stands with some of the advertisements clipped out by the censor's scissors . . . On the other hand, Australia was a pioneer in legalized birth-control. An indignant big-shot told the writer that Dr. Marie Stopes is a worse enemy of Australia than the Japanese . . .

Impromptu poem composed by young American lady in Sydney about 3 P. M. one Sunday afternoon: "Sunday in Sydney is something to see—But Sydney on Sunday is no place to be" . . . Movies, drugstores, restaurants, all closed, most of the lights in the hotel lobbies turned out . . . But it's worse in Melbourne where even the street-cars stop running on Sunday . . . Sydney and Melbourne have a traditional feud like San Francisco and Los Angeles . . . That's why they had to put the new Commonwealth capital at Canberra, hundreds of miles from nowhere . . . But Australians are used to being hundreds of miles from nowhere. An offer from a big sheep-man to run over to the railroad-station in his car and meet you probably implies a five hundred mile drive . . . Sydney has all the good stories for ammunition in carrying on the feud: *Anecdote:* Census-taker asks Sydney woman how many children she has: "Four alive," she says, "and one in Melbourne" . . . *Anecdote:* Melbourne man is driving foreigner round Sydney. Foreigner is so impressed that Melbourne man gets jealous, turns the car round and drives hell for leather for Melbourne, some 400 miles. "Well," says the Melbourne man on arrival, "What do you think of this place?" "Nice suburb," says the foreigner, "but perhaps a little far out of town" . . .

Illustration of the singular workings of economic providence in the best of all possible worlds: The depression made cheap fur coats of rabbit-skins popular in the United States. That enabled the Australian unemployed to make a reasonable living out of catching rab-

bits, eating the meat and selling the skins to America at good prices . . .

Zoological Data: Rabbits are such a menace to Australian pasturage that they have built a rabbit-proof fence from north to south across the continent—as far as from Miami to Portland, Me. . . . Australia contains 119,000,000 sheep and only 7,000,000 people . . . That fact depresses a young economist in Adelaide who said that, if you look at it the right way, the sheep own the country and support the human beings only because they're such good nurses and valets . . . The kelpie (Australian sheep-dog), who looks like a miniature black Alsatian, leads a tough life. His owner daren't allow anybody to pet him or even speak kindly to him or he'll follow the petter off. And he can't do it himself or he's ruined the dog for business the rest of his life . . . The worst of it is, he's a very cute pup . . . All tourists go away justifiably crazy over Australian koalas, the kangaroo's little cousins who live in trees and look exactly like live Jewish teddy-bears. But you can't bring one home because they can eat only the leaves of certain eucalyptus trees which won't grow outside Australia . . . Koalas never drink anything, not even water. Australian prohibitionists have not yet adopted the koala as an emblem . . . But it's a break for the Australian cartoonist that Mr. Lyons, prime minister of the Commonwealth, looks exactly like a koala . . . The only duck-billed platypus (the notoriously screwy animal which has fur, web feet, a tail like a beaver, a bill like a duck, lays eggs and suckles its young) ever tamed

is fond of unsweetened custard as well as its daily ration of fishing worms . . . The koala-bear has an appendage five feet long although he's no bigger than a large raccoon . . .

The two American Pullman-cars owned by the Victorian State Railways are called the Onkaparinga and the Tambo. Those native Australian place-names have done about as much damage to the Australian vocal chords as Indian names have to ours . . . There's a great future in it. Think how the Pullman company here would rejoice in Woolloomoolloo, Warracknabial, Collarenebi, Woy Woy, Yaapeet, Coonabarabran, Murwillumbah, Nuriootpa, Tambellup and Tumarumba . . . These are not proof-readers' errors . . . Woolloomoolloo is Sydney's Bronx and a joy to spell . . . By the time you've got through all those o's on the front of a bus, said an indignant stranger, the bus is gone . . .

Since Australian waiters and hotel-help in general are paid the legal minimum wage or better, they are refreshingly untip-conscious . . . The pride of the Australian merchant marine is the Edina, an ancient clipper-bowed iron steamer, which started life as a troop-ship in the Crimean War, came out to Australia under sail in the late '50s, and had a gay time for a while as a blockade-runner during the American Civil War . . . The owners say she's probably good for another fifty years. Right now she's making a daily trip between Melbourne and Geelong down the coast . . .

Liquid Data: Australian coffee is more of a menace than Australian

snakes, which are the most venomous in the world . . . They serve it black after dinner with a slice of lemon. The idea is to disguise the flavor . . . But there's too little flavor to disguise. Unless, as at one of the best known resort-hotels in the Commonwealth, they brew it with salt and mustard—on purpose . . . *Anecdote:* American visitor tastes his first cup of Australian coffee and shouts: "Waiter! If this is coffee, bring me tea—and if it's tea bring me coffee!" . . . Early morning tea is a different kind of a menace . . . Neither threats nor bribery will keep the maid in a country hotel from barging in at 6:30 A. M. with a sloppy cup of tea and a biscuit . . . Then you have an hour and a half till breakfast. Australians stick to that schedule on boats and wonder why they get sea-sick . . . They drink tea seven times a day, viz.: before breakfast—at breakfast—round eleven A. M.—at lunch—round 5 P. M. at dinner—and before going to bed. That puts them about two up on the English . . . But it's pretty good tea . . . Unless it's made bush-fashion, boiled with the leaves in it so it comes out tasting like a tanpit . . .

More Liquid Data: Scotch is the national drink, slightly moistened with soda and poured down in two gulps . . . The Australian bladder is about the size of Phar Lap's heart . . . In most states of the Commonwealth pubs close at 6 P. M. . . . *Anecdote:* Visitor remarks to Australian old-timer that that's an inconveniently early hour: "No such thing," says the old-timer, "Anybody who can't get drunk by six o'clock isn't worth

legislating for" . . . But you can buy a drink legally after six P. M. if you're registered at a hotel, which is why all the bars in Australia are hotels . . . Or if you've covered twenty miles or more in a straight line from the place where you slept the night before . . . Every hotel has a map on the wall with the 20-mile zone carefully marked. No wonder Australians are given to the wandering life . . . If you know the hotel-manager, he'll give you a room-number and put you on the register and you can buy a drink anyway At Sydney night-clubs you have to bring your own liquor and buy set-ups. That often makes homesick Americans break into tears . . . The local white wines are O. K. . . . So is the local brandy . . . So is the local champagne . . . So is the local head

for liquor.

The cult of Father Divine has got well established in Sydney by way of a white disciple who is a steward on one of the Matson Line boats from San Francisco to Australia. The Australian "angels" are all white too . . . Canberra, the new Australian capital, is laid out in circles connected by avenues at odd angles. Scorners say that the Chicago architect who laid it out arrived at his design by throwing a handful of pennies and ha'-pennies on a piece of paper and drawing connecting lines . . . As it now stands, Canberra has a good claim to Washington's former title of "The City of Magnificent Intentions" . . . Los Angeles is the average Australian traveller's idea of what a city ought to be like . . .

—J. C. FURNAS

HOME LIFE OF ANY RADIO MASTER OF CEREMONIES

"Whee! Whooppee! Here we are, home again! Hello, wifey! Oh, what a sweet little wifey! Has she got everything! Oh my, is this fun! What a riot! What a wife! Look at that beautiful umbrella stand! And that hall chair! And the mirror! What a house this is! What a swell time!

"Here's the kiddie! Hello, Junior! What a boy, what a boy! Just look at that head of hair, would you! And those rompers! And those shoes! Some costume! What a great time we're all having! I wish you could be here!

"Here's dinner, and what a dinner! What soup that cook can make! What delicious noodle soup this is! Yum, yum, yum, yumee! Uuuuuum! This

soup is a wow! Oh baby, are we enjoying ourselves! Are we! I'll say! And here's that lovely maid with the roast beef to be proud of! Wheeee! It's marvelous! And now I wish everybody could be here and see the wonderful time we're having eating this rice pudding. And now here I am reading the evening paper in my easy chair! What a chair! What a paper! Swellest evening paper you ever saw! Yeeow! Are we happy! And the wonderful wife and the marvelous kiddie sitting here beside me! Oh baby! Whooppee! This is the life! We're all so happy! Uuuuuuuum! (He passes out in a fit of ecstasy).

—TAM O'SHANTER

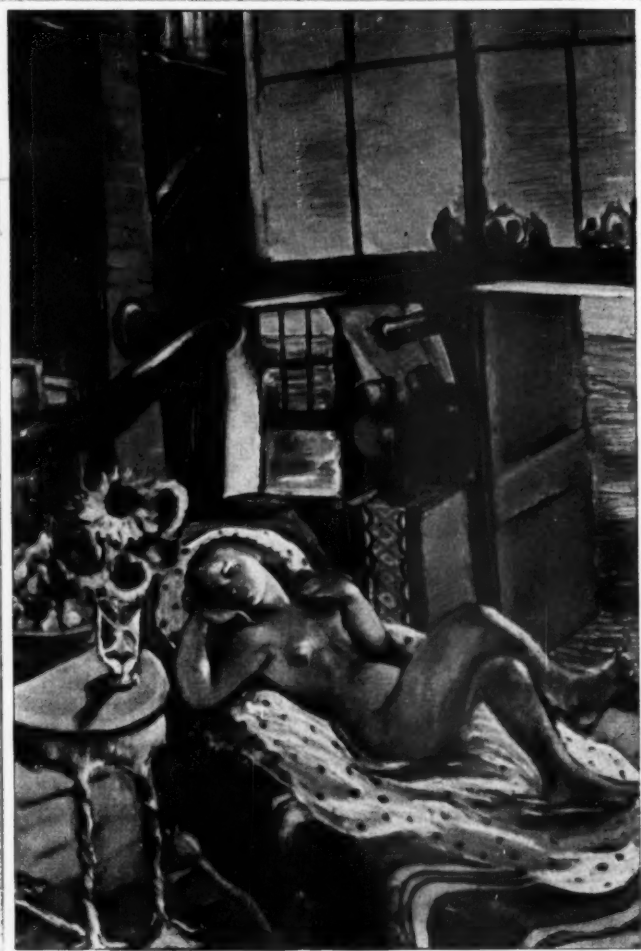


COLL. MIDTOWN GALLERIES, N. Y.

MEXICAN SCHOOL: ROSENTHAL

Representative of the work of Doris Rosenthal, concerning whom see the note on page sixty-one, is this scene painted in Mexico where she has twice gone to live for a year on a Guggenheim Fellowship. She is considered one of the best women painters in America.

DECEMBER, 1936



COLL. MIDTOWN GALLERIES, N. Y.

NUDE STUDY: DORIS ROSENTHAL

"Her pictures of studio interiors in New York and Provincetown—ramshackle attics that are in danger of turning into a heap of broken planks and masonry—may be taken as an insider's comment on the Bohemian life, although nowhere does she ask for pity."

CORONET

ABOUT DORIS ROSENTHAL

A NOTE ON AN ARTIST WHO IS NOT
AS WELL KNOWN AS SHE SHOULD BE

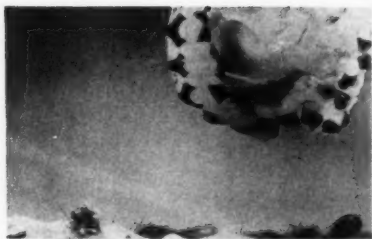


Doris Rosenthal is esteemed as one of the best women painters in America. There are men, not counting her husband, who regard her as the best woman painter in America. Nevertheless, her canvases, although exhibited, languish in obscurity. She is in the permanent collection of no museum and of few private collectors. Yet the quality which is in her pictures has been recognized: she has twice received the Guggenheim fellowship and, as this is being written, is spending the second year, as she had spent the first, in Mexico, quietly revelling in the golden opportunities of that golden land for painting, breathing and living. It is as a school teacher in New York, and not as an artist in Mexico, that she has been keeping the wolf from the door for most of her mature years. Nevertheless she likes kids and has painted a notable series of Mexican schoolrooms.

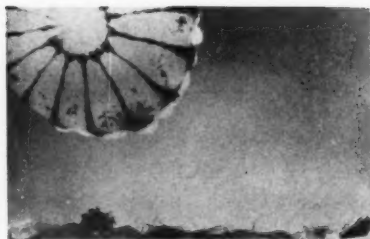
As a painter she is an individualist. She left a certain respectable group of women painters because she wished to be judged as a painter, and not as a woman painter. She has a manner of her own that does not seem mannered or strained. Effects that seem distortions are honest simplifications. She will not paint you every leaf in

the tree or every hair in the head. Her palette sings, despite the fact that it seems limited to the deep browns, tones which she makes golden. There is also a kind of quiet gaiety and humor in her canvasses, a dry humor which goes over the heads of most people. Her pictures of studio interiors in New York and Provincetown—ramshackle attics that are in danger of turning into a heap of broken planks and masonry—may be taken as an insider's comment on the Bohemian life, although nowhere does Miss Rosenthal ask for pity. She is a bit of an explorer; the views outside her attic windows are not enough. There is Mexico. Once she followed a circus and another time she penetrated into the back room of a department store and watched the seamstresses work, while she herself was suspiciously observed lest she make off with a snippet of silk.

She was born in Riverside, Calif., attended Columbia University and the Art Students' League (under Sloan and Bellows). She first showed her pictures in 1928 and has been exhibiting ever since, all over the map. The Midtown Gallery, 605 Madison Avenue, New York, exhibits her work throughout the year. —H. S.



1—The parachute of the sea—a Jellyfish



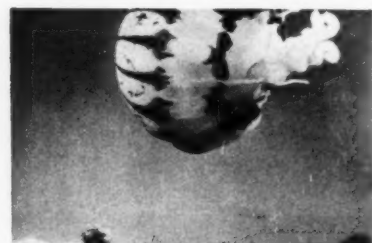
5—Some Jellyfish live for 70 years



2—It's not a fish—has no blood nor bones



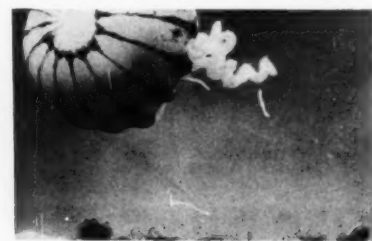
6—They sting and paralyze their prey



3—The white curly part is the manubrium



7—With those slender white tentacles



4—At the end of which is the mouth



8—So watch him, but don't touch!

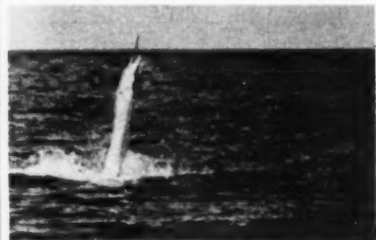
—Warner Bros.—Vitaphone Short
Subject "Beneath The Sea."



1—Hooked Lightning In Slow Motion



5—Another jerk—and the line snaps!



2—This marlin leaps straight up



6—"yes, siree, I'm the one—



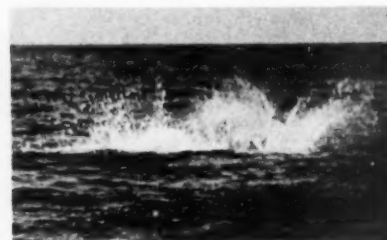
3—Snaps savagely to the left



7—"That got away!



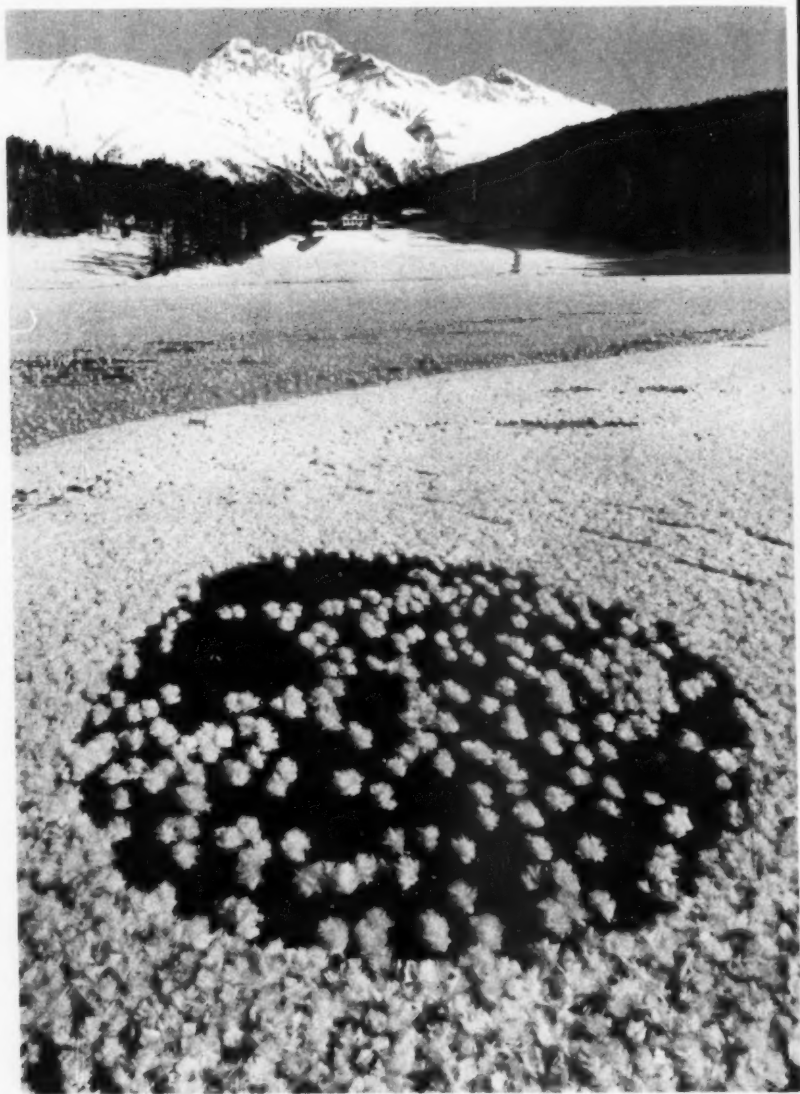
4—Then to right—standing on his tail



8—"good-bye Mr. Hemingway."

From Paramount Spotlights

DECEMBER, 1936

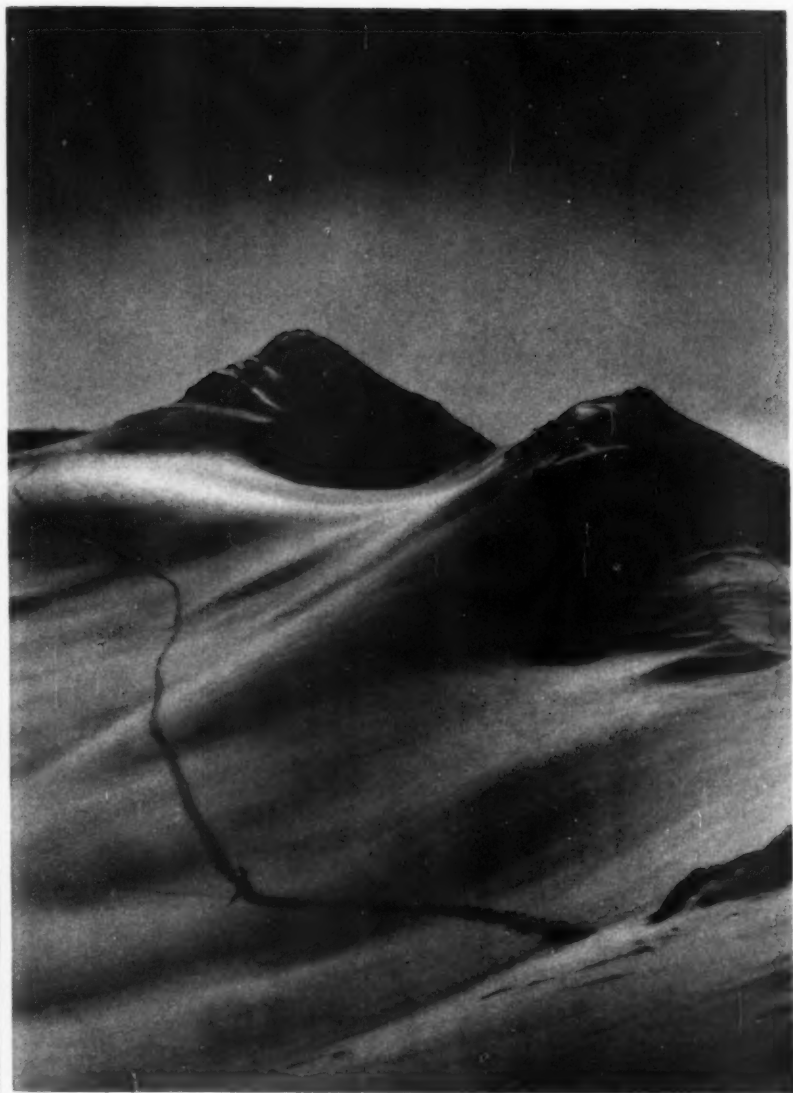


STERNER

EUROPEAN PHOTO

ICE FLOWERS, ST. MORTIZ

CORONET



EUROPEAN PHOTO

SNOW TRAIL

DECEMBER, 1936



"Why buy one of those for me, Dad? You know you'll tire of it"

CORONET



ERNEST M. PRATT

NO. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

MONTEREY CYPRESS

DECEMBER, 1936



RAY ATKESON

PORTLAND, ORE.

TIMBERLINE GHOST

CORONET



FRITZ WAGNER

LINZ, AUSTRIA

AUTUMN SUN

DECEMBER, 1936

EMPLOYMENT

WANTED
SANTA CLAUSES
FOR DEPT STORE WORK



"Sorry, but we want young men"

CORONET



W. R. MACASKELI.

HALIFAX, N. S., CAN.

STARBOARD LOOKOUT

DECEMBER, 1936



ANTHONY V. RAGUSIN

BILOXI, MISS.

MISSISSIPPI GULLS

CORONET

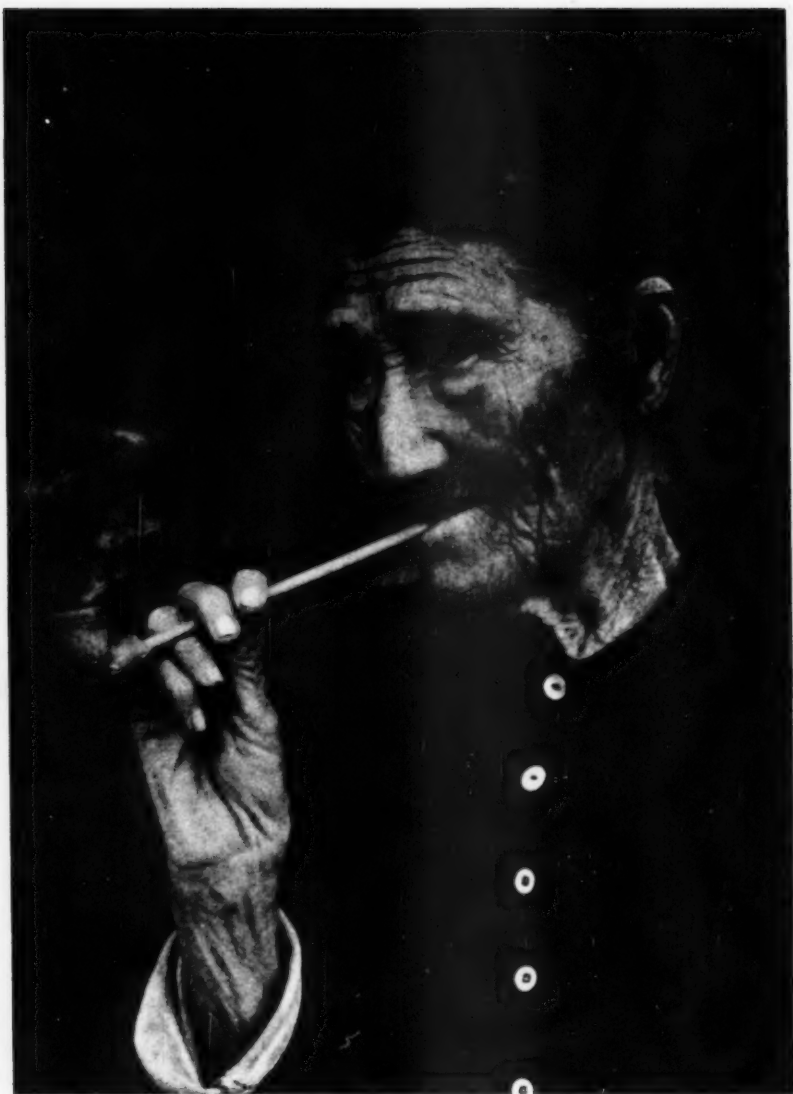


MISS. WALTER S. MEYERS

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CLOSE HAULED

DECEMBER, 1936

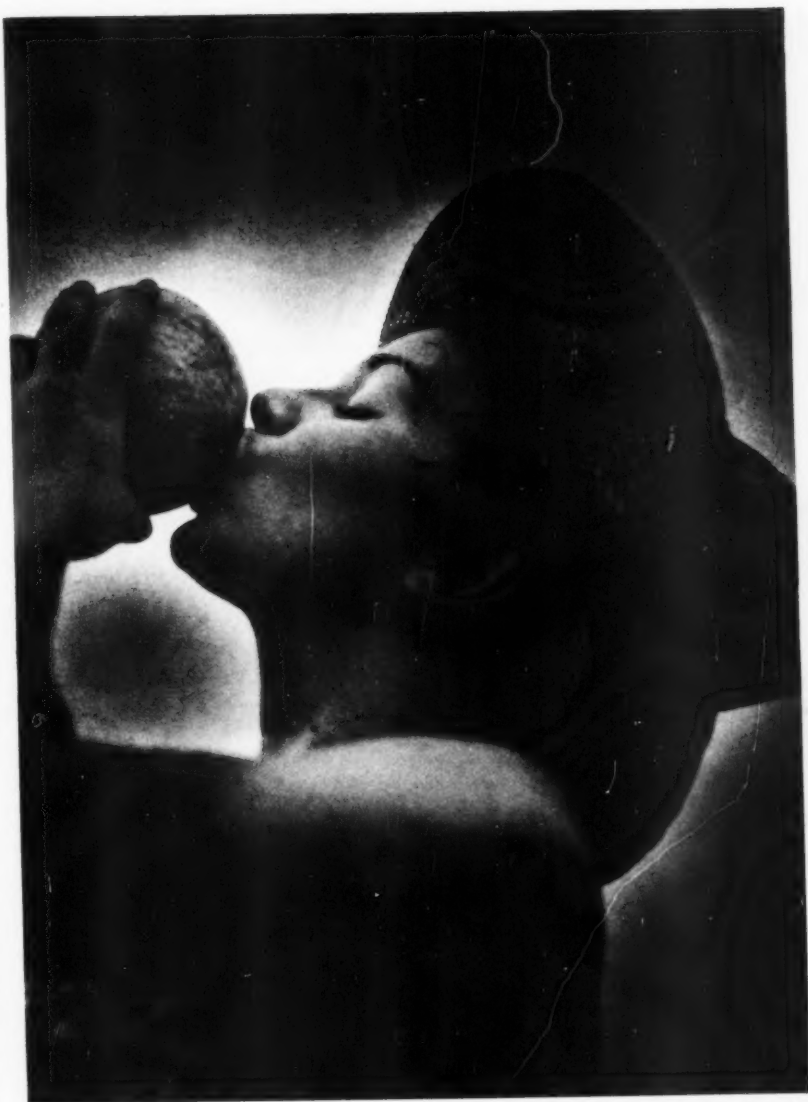


D. E. AHLERS

DAYTON, OHIO

O PIONEER

CORONET



M. ARTHUR ROBINSON

HONOLULU, HAWAII

COCOANUT MILK

DECEMBER, 1936

SIX MEN IN THE WOODS

SHOWING THAT IT IS ONLY CLOTHES
THAT KEEP MEN FROM BROTHERHOOD



In the summer of the year 1919, Denikine's cossacks took the offensive in the South Ukraine. With the help of splendidly equipped Allied troops, they were soon winning one battle after another, driving the columns of the Reds always further to the north. Amid the rejoicings of the citizens they occupied one town after another and it seemed there was no real opposition to their march. The main body of the Red army at last frankly gave up and retreated to the other side of the Dnieper formation. Here, in the old German and Austrian trenches, they were content to hang on while they tried to reorganize their troops.

During the advance, the victorious White army was disturbed only by the constant attacks of partisan divisions which appeared, quick as lightning on their fast horses, harassed the rear guard and baggage sections, upset the composure of the ranks, and disappeared after their attack just as quickly as they had come. They were mostly rebellious peasants who, under a leader and in troops of fifty men, lived as warlike cavaliers; hard, wild fellows, dangerous marksmen and splendid riders. They made their homes in the woods, lived on plunder

and, if they bothered to take a prisoner at all, he hung on the nearest tree a few minutes later. With great skill the Soviets used these peasant rioters whose unexpected attacks made the enemy nervous and hampered its orderly progress. At random, with no planned military leadership laid down, the bands wandered over the country and threw themselves like mosquito swarms upon the unguarded parts of the army. Death did not frighten them. They knew communism only from the vaguest hearsay, but war and the lure of an irresponsible life moulded them into a dangerous body.

It was in August when the partisan division received an order from a Red courier to remove the staff of the first Denikine division, capture the officers and bring them, unharmed, through the front over the Dnieper into the camp of the Reds. It was made emphatically clear that they were not so much as to touch a hair of the captive officers' heads. Everything had to be done in silence. The division was strictly forbidden to jeopardize the undertaking by indulging their usual appetite for plunder.

During the night, on horses whose hoofs were bound with hay to insure



"Now isn't this better than your old symphony, Mr. Schlessinger?"

DECEMBER, 1936



"Police!"

CORONET

silence, twenty partisans approached the small hut where the White staff lay asleep. Silently they overpowered the guards, forced their way in, bound the officers after slight resistance and, each with his captive like a portmanteau before him on his horse, trotted in the moonlight to the river. The partisans found a secret ford in a gap in the front and, as day broke, they reached the appointed birch wood. They drove the captives into a circle, surrounded them with guards and awaited the Red commissioner. The front behind them was restless. Shots fell and explosions resounded. Under the protection of the woods the partisans roasted corn. The horses pawed the grass with hobbled forefeet.

When the partisans had eaten and the sun began to penetrate deeper through the leaves, they watched the White officers; six men, well built, well kept, who sat in a circle, smoked and offered cigarettes to their guards. The smile with which they accompanied each word was the smile of men who knew that they were lost. Two of them lay in the sun getting brown.

The partisans stood around the officers, their feet bound with straw or with old rags; their bodies in old and mangy furs which were torn and raggedly cobbled together; their faces worn and gloomy, deeply wrinkled by the wind; in their stomachs corn grains and sunflower seeds. So the partisans looked at the officers, at the cut of their English uniforms, at their clean shaven heads and well cared for hands and the sleek gleam of their light yellow shoes. Suddenly one of the partisans suddenly stepped for-

ward from the rest, crept towards an officer and began to sniff at him. His companions followed. They sniffed at the heads of the officers; they admired the quality of the materials from which their uniforms were cut; they tenderly stroked the soft leather that clung to the feet and calves of the prisoners. With raised brows the officers underwent this inspection. They were smelled as if they were flowers of paradise and their garments were stroked as if they were priestly robes. The delight of the partisans went so far that they kissed the soft leather of the boots and touched the English materials of the uniforms with their cheeks.

Towards eleven o'clock the commissioner came, accompanied by a mounted patrol. The commissioner's patrol relieved the partisan guards while the six officers were subjected to judicial examination. The contents of their pockets were confiscated. The commissioner kept their papers, cigarette cases and money and the rest, the useless things, he threw to the partisans. In an hour he left them after giving the oldest of the men an order. The latter made the officers move away a distance of about ten meters and stand in a line. He motioned to six of the partisans who stepped to arms and lined up opposite the six officers. Silently the officers embraced each other. It was high noon. The front was quiet. Nothing would have distinguished this execution from the ordinary routine of either army at the time, if one of the watching partisans, who were standing around like schoolboys watching a fight, had not stepped apart from the

rest and harangued them. He said that now, after the departure of the commissioner, the officers were their prey. The wonderful uniforms, the elegant trousers and the much coveted boots, these were their prey and the poor partisans to whom that finery meant indeed a present from the Madonna of Kiev should be careful with the gift which had now fallen into their laps, or did they perhaps want to deny themselves these wonderful boots or these splendid uniforms from England! They should look hard at their own miserable things, then they would be more careful. If they simply shot the officers down as they were, that would be the end of the beautiful boots; that he knew from many years of war. To take boots from the dead, one had to cut them and that was a shame for such fine leather. The man drew applause. The six officers did not move. There was dead silence.

"You are right," chuckled the oldest, the one who had been given the commissioner's parting instructions. "It would really be hard on the boots." He ordered the marksmen to lower their weapons. Then he went to the officers. "Undress!" he said. The prisoners did not understand at once but they soon grasped it. Boots flew across the ground—tunics, riding breeches and underclothes—and while the ragged partisans fought for the things, six naked men stood motionless in the sunlight of the birch wood.

The oldest undertook the distribution of the loot. The peasants threw themselves on the treasures like lovers. They stroked the boots and smacked their lips. They sniffed at the uniforms and they rubbed the wide leather of

the elegant straps between their hairy fingers.

After a little while the oldest got up and pointed to the officers. They were six naked men, fat and thin, white skinned and sun browned, who stood there in the clearing. With difficulty he was able to bring six of his men to arms and again the officers embraced each other. The birches shone as pale as their bodies. The oldest raised his arm and weapons flew to the cheeks of the marksmen.

"One!" counted the oldest. Eyes widened and the eyes of the officers were filled with a deep light. "Two!"—six fingers touched the cocks of six weapons. The officers grasped hands.

"Fire!"—not a shot. "Fire!"—the weapons swayed lightly in the hands of the aiming men. "Fire!", cried the oldest. Then the first weapon sank—the second—the third. Six weapons sank. "Are you drunk?" the oldest yelled at them. They ignored him. "That won't do," said one very clearly and pointed to the officers. The other five nodded. The oldest looked at the officers. "That won't do," said a second, an old peasant with a red scar on his right cheek.

The officers stood naked in the sunlight, white skinned with hanging shoulders, and the heavens over their nakedness were immeasurably high. Butterflies flew over the bushes, and the harness of the horses grazing silently in the grass shone in the sun.

The oldest fetched six other partisans, lined them up and commanded: "Fire!" Again there was not a shot. Again weapons sank.

"Are you women?" asked the oldest. "No," said the partisans, "but no

man could shoot at such things."

They sat down and were silent. The oldest, too, sat and was silent. Only the naked men stood upright. The sun shone brightly upon them. Not a leaf moved. After a pause, it was the oldest who spoke. "You know what will happen to us when we are questioned. Shall they live?"

"No," said the partisans, "they must die as we must die when they catch us."

Suddenly the oldest got up.

"You have said that they must die. They shall die."

The partisans began to sigh. Six men got up and went to the tree under which lay the light colored boots, the elegant uniforms and the luxurious underwear of the six officers. They took the garments; they felt the quality of the fabrics, the softness of the leather; they lifted them up and showed them to their comrades. Each

Ernst Glaeser has had only one book published in this country, the famous 'Class of 1902'. He was himself a member of the military class of '02, and served through the war.

was allowed to handle the pieces once more. The tattered peasants were silent and chewed their beards. Then six went to give back the coveted clothes to the naked men. They put their shirts over their heads; they pulled them into their trousers; they put on their tunics and they shoved their legs into their leather boots. Then they sprang back.

The line of officers stood straight. Again the uniforms could be seen clearly in the bright light of the wood. Six men raised weapons. Six eyes took aim. Six eyes saw only the uniforms. "Fire!" cried the oldest. Six fingers pulled.

Silently the partisans set off. In full dignity the corpses lay on the coarse grass. The partisans rode away. No one spoke. The front became more active. MG's were heard.

—ERNST GLAESER

THE STOCK MARKET (LESSON I)

The stock market is a place that buys and sells stocks, and where I have just devised a method where I will make a killing some day.

Here is the way money is made in the stock market.

I pick up a paper and I see that the Amalgamated Bear Trap Company is selling beaucoup bear traps on account of it being a good year for bears, and that records show conclusively that ABT has sold twenty-seven per cent more bear traps in the past six

months than in any previous six months in its history. I see further that there is a terrific upswing in bear production, so I figure pronto that ABT stock is going to go up.

I buy twenty shares of stock at 16, and within a week the stock has dropped to 10, so I sell out.

This means that somebody has made one hundred and twenty seeds, so, as I promised to show, that is the way money is made in the stock market.

—SYDNEY SIMPSON

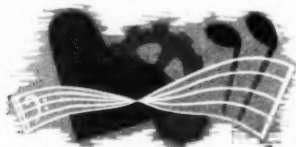


"Tut-tut—no left turns???"

CORONET

MUSIC IN 1955

IN THE MARCH OF MECHANIZATION
THE ARTS CAN HARDLY BE SPARED



In the future music will certainly be made by machines. Music is an art involving not only the human soul but the most abstract of celestial mathematics as well, and it adapts itself almost too easily to man's engines. We have already had most ample opportunity to observe this phenomena during our own lifetimes, witness the progressive development of first the phonograph, the player-piano, the radio, and finally the talkies. But even before our own time sheer mechanical genius produced Bach's pipe organ and later the modern machine-like pianoforte with its sostenuto pedal and is magical ability to blend and sustain percussive tone. One can safely credit the new pedal alone for the tremendous tonal revolution of Chopin and this pedal paved the way easily and directly to Wagner and the beginning of modern music.

Those who spoof against the machine and the machine-made music of the future, spoof I fear against the Wall of Inevitability. The great orchestral director Stokowski, who is undoubtedly one of the very greatest orchestral leaders of these times, seems, year after year, to lose just about as much interest in his human Philadelphia Orchestra as he gains

in his Westinghouse-Electrical mechanical one. This great modern musician has been ever quick to realize which way the future lies, and it is of double interest to note that he has now given himself almost completely over to new musical scientific research. For him there is apparently no doubt that music's present pathways have reached the final and complete end of their ropes, and that music must now blaze new trails, if it hopes to remain virile.

I could cite other cases proving the growing mechanical trend, great present-day conductors and composers leaving all else to delve into the new electrical and acoustic wells of science, preparing, step by step, the way towards the inevitable music of the future.

In the days of great Princes, Dukes, and Archbishops, a private orchestra's personnel of a hundred men were fed in the kitchen with the servants. They were cheap and plentiful and happy to find a patron who would, in all probability, provide them with lifelong employment. The highly trained member of a great metropolitan orchestra of today, however, expects, demands, deserves and receives a fairly high salary. I am happy

that some of the great present-day army of performing musicians find themselves taken so well care of, but it is obvious that this tremendous expense does not go to make for many orchestras nor for the popularization of the symphony orchestra *per se* throughout our land. On the contrary it has accustomed many millions of people to be perfectly satisfied with an orchestra *they cannot see*. Indeed we can safely say that the present-day youth of this country have exactly the same attitude towards symphonic music that they have towards the radio as an electrical and mechanical instrument—they are neither interested in what makes it go nor in the wires and tubes in the back of the box. They are interested rather in the quality of entertainment that comes out of their loudspeakers. They don't give a damn about what makes it go. The new generation is growing up with as little interest in the *visual playing* of the symphony orchestra as it has, apparently, for the insides of its sports roadsters. Frankly most of our young men and women care not if they *never* see a symphony orchestra in operation.

Mr. Average Listener, however, is a little older, and in his day he has vaguely, at least, heard about the "cultural influence" of symphonic music and of "the vast amount of psychic good it does one to *see*, for instance, Mr. Toscanini conduct." He may never have actually seen a symphony orchestra in operation, but he is willing out of pure curiosity to occasionally turn on a symphonic radio program or two. And now he begins perhaps in spite of himself to like it. This is not as unlikely as it

sounds; in this depressing period of the world's history symphonic music seems to get up inside of him and smooth out things a bit, and he would like to have some of that in his own home town just to see the insides working. He inquires just how much it will cost at a mass meeting of the Chamber of Commerce. When he finds out he will promptly drop the idea. But the idea once having been born will persist; now comes the question, will he go on forever without *his* orchestral music . . . orchestral music he can *see* as well as hear? Will he be satisfied merely with the fragmentary orchestral fare he hears beneath the conversation of his talking films or beneath the conversation of his household when he switches on one of his favorite radio broadcasts? He may be satisfied this year, and the next, but the year after next he will inevitably rebel, that is, if he has been truly bitten by music.

But will it do him any good to rebel? How will he get better music? Like the small gardener who has not a large enough garden to raise all his own vegetables he will have to get his greens canned. But—and this "but" is of greatest importance—the canning will no longer be the un-musical canning of the past, but a new and musical canning of a highly superior order. And the new methods of the canning will not be alike to the old at all but will present new and exciting angles and a highly startling fidelity to the original, so startling, in fact, that one will not be able to tell the copy from the human performance. And unlike the past, canned music will not be the subject of invective.

It will, rather, be quite the rage.

Just how will this come about? In this way—orchestral, solo, and vocal music will no longer first be played and registered, but will be cut *directly* into the disk or sound-ribbon. We shall use the sound wave direct. More exactly; the specific sound wave of an oboe playing; for instance middle F sharp and quite *ppp*, is always the same. There can be, of course, various types of oboes, but there can only be one middle F sharp. And *ppp* will remain forever *ppp*. The exact outline of this oboe sound wave will be but an infinitesimal part of a vast new musical A.B.C.'s, and if a sound-wave typewriter is ever invented—and its invention is inevitable—we shall soon be able to *type* every kind of instrumental and vocal sound instantly into a reproducing record *without* the medium of a voice or orchestra! Minus the cost of rehearsing a hundred trained men in a half-dozen rehearsals and without putting up with the temperament of a fluffy opera singer, music will be “typed” directly into a moving ribbon of sound much the same as moving picture music is now recorded upon a film; the process, however, will be a somewhat finer one using a higher vibration rate of sound reproduction. (If this light-ray recording process is eventually adapted most probably the new ultra-violet instead of white light will be used; this will insure practically perfect reproduction!)

In a word we shall no longer need to *play* any specific instrument to secure any specific sound wave. Although it might seem heretic to say so, mere human playing or singing

will be soon, if desired, entirely dispensed with.

Many will certainly complain that this method of orchestral reproduction will become too mechanical. Let me add therefore that every shade of musical meaning will now be easily producible; we need only to perfectly assemble the sound waves. The engineer (our new musical typist!) “cutting” these sound waves will have before him a score so perfectly marked that not even the slightest nuance will be neglected; he will blend these fixed tones in exactly the same proportion as, instance, a Stokowski or a Toscanini marking this score before him, has indicated. Stokowski, let us say, has made every indication exactly; there is not a phrase, nor a pause, nor a rubato neglected; every last *ppp* or *ff* is in its place. The slightest graduation in tempo is firmly marked from second to second in exact metronomic indications. This score would then be followed to the dot.

Again many might protest that this new method is too mechanical and would never never sound otherwise than wooden—they, assuredly, do not know how Stokowski or most other great conductors actually work. When a great conductor comes out upon the rehearsal stage he has the clearest possible picture of the work to be conducted in mind; why then should he not transcribe this *exact clear* picture directly upon the orchestral score itself? The chances are, if one could only get a view of one of Stokowski's scores, that this exact and clear picture is already marked and down to the last detail in every last score he has ever conducted. There-

fore why not let one man instead of ninety carry out the great and poetic interpretations of another and greater man . . . the composer. It is certain that if this were the case less inspiration shall be lost in the process.

It is perhaps a rather horrible thought to think that music can and will be so mechanized. One must reflect, however, that even those little imperfections so lovable in the living beauty of music still performed by human hands can be "cut" oh so easily into the superlative reproductive "canned" music of the future. Remember, too, that the art-faker of today can duplicate every last crack of the canvasses of the old masters; they can make a new painting so exactly like an old one that even connoisseurs are often hard put to it to distinguish one painting from the other. If public taste so desires orchestral records of the future (although they have never been recorded from an actual orchestra) will certainly be full of those loveable little imperfections and crudities so dear to the heart of the music lover who pretends to recognize, blindfolded, the superlative performance of one great artist from another. They will simply be cut in.

I, for one, believe that public taste will so develop as to leave the desire for these imperfections in the limbo of things past and dead as the Victorian era. I personally believe that the future musical publics of the world will demand not great reproductive artists to make a show of themselves in public but purely and simply great music. And if this is not the future development of music, then music is

not worth while developing.

That the sweeping inventions now being developed will certainly eliminate, in part, the human orchestra, is no longer a matter for speculation. Everyone who has the slightest idea of that which is going on day and night in the great electrical-musical laboratories of the world knows that the orchestra of the past is a thing already doomed. It is not a matter, any longer, of what may be, but of what will be.

I believe, however, that the human orchestra will always persist. But it will have a new guise, a new role. None but the best orchestras will survive. We shall no longer need to listen to the radio for our orchestral fare except, perhaps, for the premieres of new works. The human orchestra will assume a new and infinitely more interesting role; it will now be more free to devote itself to new and interesting projects and to new composers and new compositions; and, most of all it will be free from the constant and deadening repetitions of already overplayed masterworks.

Mr. Average Listener, however, wants masterworks, and plenty of them. And for him we shall develop the new Dial-Television-Phonogram.

This will not be a radio-operated affair. It will be, rather, a cable job; it may well be, eventually, connected with your telephone company, and you will probably, in the end, merely turn a switch at your telephone and dial upon this same telephone dial a symphony instead of a telephone conversation. This will then be played upon your televisionic loudspeaker.

And at your side you will have an



"I still say—how the heck did Santa lift that?"

DECEMBER, 1936



"My husband—taken some time ago, of course"

enormous red "telephone book" only it will not be a telephone book. It will contain, instead, the dialing number of every opera, symphony, song, and sonata upon earth, played, sung, and directed by every authority in the world worth hearing, and you will be able to hear these works, and see them too for that matter, at any time that you most feel like it. You will no longer need to sit in uncomfortable opera or concert-hall seats or rush through dinner to get there in time; you will never again listen to music that does not fit your mood.

In 1955 it is extremely probable that the radio will have been absorbed by television and moving pictures will surely be quick to follow and combined with this wonderful invention upon whose threshold the world has already placed one tentative foot. In 1937 we are still in the dark ages, but by 1955 the phonograph will have disappeared as thoroughly as the player-piano of yesteryear, and dialing system and new co-axial cables will be everywhere, absorbing everything and reproducing everything. There will be no new musical comedy but that will have its premiere in every home.

The tendency towards home-listening is already here. The crowded concert-hall and stifling opera house is definitely, even in this backward age, upon the decline. The thrill of the human orchestra is a great one and one, perhaps, never to be reproduced synthetically, but the thrill is an expensive one and far beyond the pocketbook of most of our American cities. A substitute which may grow to replace the original fare

is in order. Is there not, for instance, a much greater thrill to be discovered by humanity at large in music *per se*, in music for its own sake, and not for the sake of some great virtuoso's rendition? The style in virtuosi always changes, but great music changes not a hairs-breadth. Cannot the breath of life in each immortal masterpiece need only at the very most the interpretation and explanation of only *one* reproductive artist instead of the costly beneficence of one hundred of them? Have not the one-man recitals of Rubenstein or Hoffman taught us, at least, that one man can better take care of "interpretation." To one composer, at least, it would seem as if more than a great deal of unnecessary fuss has been made over the performing reproducing artist. We can, and not quite with reason, consider that if the foppiness of the last twenty-five years continues to flatter the purely reproductive artist, where indeed will Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, and Debussy get off? I, for one, believe that the purge and the revolution of the oncoming mechanical age to be a healthy one, and one which will again give the original immortal fire of great music at least a fighting chance. Music will be music—and not gossip.

At any rate most of us alive today will soon see what happens. It is harmless enough to calculate, make graphs, suppositions, and forecasts from the data already at hand, and to note that the handwriting already on the wall is in a good clear honest hand, reminding one of the writing of automobile mechanics.

—GEORGE ANTHEIL

MIRACLE AT MONTCLAIR

GERALD WAS A PERFECT GENTLEMAN
BUT BEATRICE WAS WOMAN ETERNAL



Gerald Dunn was, I am afraid, an estimable young man in every way. You will have to bear with me while I chronicle some of his attributes because in these days there is no use at all in making a statement like that unless you do something to nail down your claim.

Gerald was exactly six feet, and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. He had an extraordinarily handsome face—nice straight features with a good chin, but not too handsome. Not matinee idol handsome or anything like that. Just a good virile sort of handsomeness. The world, I say, can't have too much of that these days. It hasn't got it either. He had done over forty-eight feet in the shot-put.

He was a young man capable of making two hundred and fifty dollars a week in a New York advertising agency, and, what is far more to the point, he made it. Made it on his merits too; no chiseling or cutting corners or getting accounts from old college club-mates or friends of his dad. Gerald did well because he worked hard and because he had intelligence and perseverance and tact and imagination. Give me a man like that every time. My wife says

give her one too.

And was Gerald nice? Nobody ever heard Gerald utter a mean word about anybody. He donated a lot to charity, and he would have given his friends—who were legion—the shirt off his back. He had, it goes without saying—or almost, anyhow—the highest respect for American womanhood, as indeed who should not, and if Gerald smoked or drank, he did it, you may be sure, in gentlemanly moderation. After all, Gerald's agency had several whiskey accounts.

You seldom see young men more versatile than Gerald. He could play *To A Wild Rose* and *Beale Street Blues* far better than adequately on the piano, and he habitually broke eighty at golf. In college he could sprint one hundred yards in nine and eight-tenths seconds. Once, in fact, he ran it in nine and *seven*-tenths seconds, and although Owens and Peacock and Metcalf and other negro sprinters might laugh at that, you don't see many white men moving that fast. Gerald's bridge (he played modified Culbertson) was of the highest order, and he had once thrown the javelin over two hundred feet. His tennis serve was a scorcher, and he danced adorably—no; divinely.

I would be misleading you, however, if I conveyed the idea that Gerald had neglected his intellectual side. He had read Schopenhauer, Dreiser, Voltaire, Aristotle, Shaw, Dante, Faulkner, Ibsen, Bacon, Saroyan, Hemingway, Esquire, Spinoza, Robert Ingersoll, Shakespeare—and of course Odets. When it came to discussing neo-Platonism, Marxism, the International Picture, states' rights, exhibitionism, Chaplin's art, birth control, and the Intertwining of Science and Religion in this Present-Day World there were few discussers who could compare with Gerald—few who were strictly amateurs at any rate. And he could chin himself with one hand.

This then is the stuff of which Gerald Dunn was made, and you can see I didn't state that he was an estimable young man just to hear myself state. And with all his accomplishments Gerald remained modest to a fault. Now it happened, as indeed it should have happened, that for several years he had been attentive to a young lady in Montclair, New Jersey, named Beatrice Field. There is really very little to say about Beatrice except that, generally speaking she was okey-doke. It was Gerald's custom to call on her occasionally, sometimes to take her to New York to a play or a night club, or, if they were in the mood for it, a concert or a museum.

Here is where the story really starts. It happened one day that just as Gerald was about to leave his apartment to go to Montclair, there appeared at his door an old college acquaintance—I would never say friend—of his, one Dick Munson. It

is true that Munson had a certain ready wit, but save for that, I can scarcely say a good word for him. He was rather flabby—always in terrible shape, due to continual dissipation, dissipation of the worst sorts. He had, I regret to say, no respect for American womanhood or any other kind of womanhood.

"Lo, 'ol pal, 'ol pal," said Dick extending his hand a little unsteadily, "Watcha doin'?"

Gerald, although displeased at this inopportune intrusion, concealed his feelings admirably, seized the extended hand, and said cordially enough: "How are you Dick? Haven't seen you in years."

"Me neither," said Dick, "Les' have a drink."

Gerald explained that he was about to entrain for Montclair, and call on a young lady, but this served in no way to deter Munson. "Good idea," he commented. "I'll come along too. How is she? Hot stuff, eh?" And Munson winked—not a particularly nice wink.

It was a problem for Gerald, who was nothing if not tactful, and he finally decided that the easiest—and politest—way would be to accede. After all, Munson, though well on the ball, was not really plastered, and he might turn out to be amusing. And so they went to Montclair. Beatrice seemed a little surprised at first, but she took Munson's extended hand—he was a confirmed hand-extender—and murmured something about being glad that Gerald had brought him along. The evening passed in conversation and a short session of three-handed bridge, at

which Gerald, of course, won, but he noticed—or perhaps only imagined—that Beatrice and Munson were glancing at each other more than seemed strictly necessary in the process of conducting the game. Of course Munson said nothing at which he could have taken offence, but when they departed Gerald observed Beatrice to out-extend his companion, to clasp his hand rather warmly, and he distinctly heard her say: "You must come out again some time."

"Oke," said Munson, who had had another drink or two at the Fields house. When the two young men got back to New York, Munson borrowed a tenner from Gerald, explaining that he had just got fired from another job last week. On departing he remarked: "Swell frail, that Field number."

Gerald sat down and thought, and his thoughts, I am afraid, were not pleasant. They must, however, have led him to an important decision, because, for the next few evenings he spent all his time in deep contemplation combined with certain mysterious actions, the nature of which I am not yet ready to divulge. That things took a turn for the better seems evident, because, in the middle of one of these peculiar seances with himself, Gerald Dunn sprang up from his chair, and shouted exultantly: "At last! I've got it!"

There was a queer light in his eye when he went out to Montclair on the following evening. Beatrice apparently noticed it, because as soon as they were comfortably settled in the parlor, she asked: "What's the matter with you? I never saw you look so queer?"

Gerald's expression became even

more triumphant. "I've learned it," he said.

"Learned what?" demanded Beatrice. "I thought there wasn't anything you hadn't already learned."

"Ah," said Gerald, "this is different. I've learned magic."

Beatrice looked disappointed. "Oh," she said. "Card tricks and pulling rabbits out of hats and all that. I never cared for it."

"No," he retorted, "not that. Magic. Real magic. Look—and, whatever happens, don't be alarmed."

And before Beatrice Field's astonished eyes, Gerald Dunn's form slowly melted, wavered, and became that of a rattlesnake.

"Oh!" shrieked Beatrice. "Help! Help!"

Gerald quickly changed back to his own shape. "I told you you mustn't be alarmed no matter what happened," he said a trifle petulantly.

"But," stammered Beatrice, "but—I can't believe it. It's—"

"Watch this," commanded Gerald, and, in less time than it takes to tell, changed himself into a lovely little white rabbit which, or who, jumped up on Beatrice's lap.

Although Beatrice was still obviously terrified, she managed to whisper: "That's better," and stroked the rabbit's (or Gerald's) ears nervously.

Gerald was a little slower changing back to Gerald. "You liked that better?" he asked.

"Y—yes," admitted Beatrice, "but of course it is alarming. It makes you—well, a most extraordinary person."

"Oh, it's just luck, I guess. I thought about it, and figured it out, and there

you are. It's nothing so miraculous when you come to think of it." Gerald, as I have told you, was modesty personified.

"Now," he continued, "I'll show you something else." He picked up a magazine on the table, and waved his hand over it. The magazine turned into a string of pearls. "For you," said Gerald nonchalantly, handing them to her.

Beatrice gaped at the pearls, her eyes like saucers. "It's unbelievable," she gasped, and then hesitated. "No," she said. "I couldn't take them. It wouldn't be quite—well, proper."

"Nonsense," said Gerald. "They're yours. The magazine was yours. I simply changed it into pearls. I really didn't give you anything you didn't have already."

Beatrice gazed again at the pearls.

"Is that right?" she asked.

"Absolutely," said Gerald.

"Well," she faltered. "—if you're sure." Gerald clasped the pearls around her neck. "How about a drink," he said, and, on the table by the sofa, appeared two highballs. But before Beatrice had had time to recover from this surprise, he asked: "If you could be anywhere in the world you wanted to be, what would you choose right now?"

She thought for a moment. "Paris," she finally answered.

"Done!" exclaimed Gerald. For an instant Beatrice had the illusion of moving through space. Then all was quiet. "Look out the window," he commanded. Beatrice parted the curtains. There, before her, was the Seine, and in the distance twinkled the lights of the Eiffel Tower. "I can't

believe it," breathed Beatrice.

"It's nothing," said Gerald stolidly.

Suddenly Beatrice looked alarmed. "I just happened to think," she said. "Mother and father are at the movies. They'll be angry when they come home, and find the house gone."

"I could turn them into a couple of chipmunks," he suggested.

"No! no!" objected Beatrice, "You musn't do that."

"It wouldn't hurt them. I could give them a few nuts to keep them occupied. They'd never know what happened to them. I'd turn them back to your mother and father when we got home."

"I think we'd better go now," insisted Beatrice.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Just as you say." And Beatrice and Gerald and the house were back in Montclair again.

"That didn't ruin the plumbing?"

"No. Now let me show you this one."

She held up her hand. "That's enough right now. It's all so amazing that I want time to get used to it. Just think. Why you're the only person in all history who has ever been able to do things like that. It's too miraculous."

"I tell you it's just knowing the knack," declared Gerald, "—like mastering ping pong or etching or hollandaise sauce or anything else."

For a moment or two Beatrice sat in silence, and then in her eyes came a dreamy far-off expression. Finally she turned to Gerald. "What's become of that Munson boy lately?" she asked. "I wish you'd bring him out some time again."

—PARKE CUMMINGS

NO PLACE TO GO

DOUBLE WORRY, WORK AND TROUBLE, TO
MAKE OF LIFE A BRIGHTER BUBBLE



While trenches are being dug across Europe in preparation for a really Olympic war, a battle rages in our own midst. While they are preparing to kill, we are rushing all preparations to reconcile ourselves to the fate of living. Ours is the cheer-up war, the don't-quit war, the war to kid each other that life is worth living.

If you don't believe it, pick a large bookstore. In this outpost of observation and reconnaissance take a good look at the counters given over to popular psychology and philosophy. You will discover evidence that a lot of people are suspected of being on the verge of insanity from worry, and that most of the rest are about to commit suicide out of sheer lack of the will to worry.

As to the first category, here are a few of the titles:

Outwitting Our Nerves . . . Keep Your Wits . . . Asylum . . . The Ordinary Difficulties of Everyday People . . . What Makes Us Seem So Queer? . . . Mastering Fear . . . Don't Be Afraid . . . Your Fears and How to Conquer Them . . . Courage for Today.

That's only about half the roster; but here are some of the briefs filed on the subject that life, in spite of appearances, is worth living:

The Good Fight . . . You Can Master Life . . . Wake Up and Live . . . Living Triumphantly . . . The Power to See It Through . . . Take It Easy . . . The Art of Happiness . . . How to Be Happy Though Human . . . More Zest for Life . . . You Can Do Anything.

That makes ten more recent publications. On the whole, about forty works have appeared in the last two years in this "Live zippily not dip-pily" field, some of which are quackeries and others of which are the works of reputable doctors and psychologists—and even of clergymen, who have turned momentarily from God to fan life's feeble flame.

A people that needs the crutch of a formidable new literature to enable it to hobble through the day must have something wrong with it. Books are not published unless publishers have a hunch that the market yearns. But books aren't the only betrayers of a crisis in the good old American morale. In the public library hangs a pink poster advertising a series of popular radio lectures by the Society for Mental Hygiene:

When the World Goes Wrong . . . Why Be Afraid? . . . You Have Moods? . . . Does Your Temper Rule You? . . . Feeling Inferior? . . . Finding Yourself Socially

... *Insecurity and Mental Health* ... *Do You Enjoy Working?* ... *Enjoying Your Leisure Time* ... *Getting a Perspective* ... *Steps Toward Mental Health* ... *What Is A Mature Personality?*

A couple of years ago, in a skit entitled "The Future of You," I pointed out (in the pages of this magazine's big brother), with a neat selection of the appropriate verbs and adjectives, that the chaos and complexity of life was getting the average American down. It heartens me to think that at about the same time the authors of these books and lectures must have sensed the same thing, and knowing the knock of opportunity when they heard it, began to compile their recipes for seeing things through. At about the same time a professorial philosopher came out with the theory that civilization was that state of things in which problems were created faster than they could be solved, and that every solution created at least two new problems. This sort of doctrine represents a cracking of morale on the higher levels.

Returning to the middle levels we find plenty of further signs of morale going haywire. What else can be the meaning of this fad of new brands of psychopathological religions like Buchmanism, and of the boom in new adherents being experienced by the super-consolatory sects? The craze for hobbies, games, the paddle with the rubber ball attached by an umbilical cord, all these time-killing contraptions, are the devices people fall for who are afraid to solve their problem because it will give rise to two new dilemmas. Instead of Facing the Facts we go to Screeno and Bank Night.

An astonishingly large number of people are so shaky about the morale as to be medical cases. It may be news to you that between 55 and 60% of American hospital beds are occupied by mental hazards. This is a staggering proportion, and the figures are going up. Chronic unemployment of some twelve million men and women has undoubtedly developed neuroses among many whose relief budget made no provision for a book on Mastering Fear and adding More Zest for Life. Others who have been hovering on the verge of joblessness have acquired a species of sub-jitters that will require quite a few assuring radio talks to allay. Two million young people have reached maturity each year of the depression, at least one-half of whom have not had the opportunity to perform useful paid labor. Thousands of these have been expensively educated in the highest institutions of learning for jobs that don't exist. Finally there are the littlest dregs of all, some millions of children whose normal home environment has been and will continue to be one of fear, worry, anxiety, and discontentment, in an atmosphere charged with conflicts and emotional starvation. These are ripening towards a future when more books and radio talks will be needed.

But if the breakdown in morale were confined to the poor and underprivileged it would not be worth an article, since it is not these that sit at the radio listening to an intimate talk on the inferiority complex. Long ago they probably hocked their radio. Nor do the jobless buy books telling them to wake up and live to have

courage for today, and not to jump out of their tenement basement.

No, the interesting phase of this is that it is the problem of the prosperous. They felt it even before the economic crisis, which only made it more acute by adding to it the possibility of insecurity and by driving home the fact that their comfortable world was all dressed up, with no place to go.

As if the major maladjustments of insecurity and emancipation into a vacuum were not enough, a whole set of fears has been built up around the concepts of youth, beauty, cleanliness, health, and charm. Commercial ballyhoo has converted it into a mass hysteria. At whatever cost the bowels must be kept moving, the tobacco stain must disappear from the teeth, the radiant smile must be capable of turning on, body odor must go, the bust must be taken down, the bust must be built up, superfluous hair must be dyed, shaved, bleached, needled out, the rebellious derriere must be tucked in with our Sylphlike Girdle No. 4a. On one subway platform I found that 12 of 18 billboards dealt with products of the health-charm-personality kind.

Well, the strain has been too much, and the hospital beds, about 58% of them are groaning under the weight of the miscellaneous victims, while candidates for the remaining beds are on their way to the inevitable.

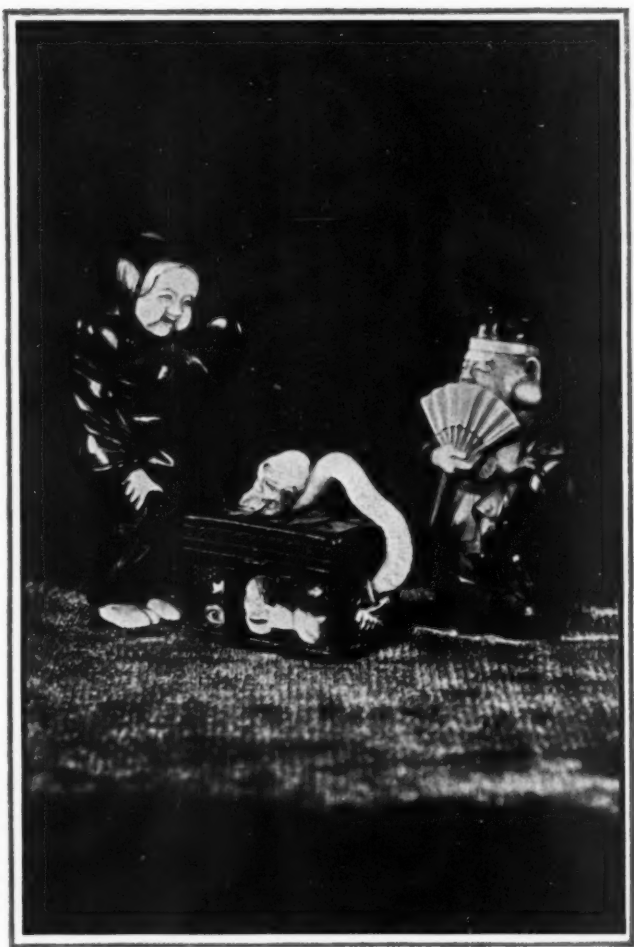
The books on the counter, telling us not to give up, are tombstones of the American spirit. This spirit once said: "Let's go!" and "Get out and fight!" Its best these days is a querulous negative: "Don't quit!"

A rich and varied civilization is

disintegrating under our eyes, even though steel may be back to 70% of capacity. Telephone stock is twenty points above what I sold mine at a year ago, but they are digging in in Europe for the fanciest combination world war, civil war, and revolution yet put on by ingenious men. There are more jobs and fewer riots, but every other American has a little civil war going on inside him, with maybe an interior revolution to come.

There are more chickens for more pots, and there will yet be a second car for that garage. For our American still has the highest living standard in the world. He works hard for it. He protects himself against athlete's foot and pyorrhea, changes his underwear frequently, fends away body odors, watches his calories and is knowing about his vitamins. He smokes the "youthful" cigarette and the pipe tobacco with the smile in it, takes out theft, fire, hurricane, accident, and life insurance, builds up an annuity, learns from a business correspondence course how to yes the boss. In short, he thinks he has conquered all the standardized fears with all the standardized products. But he is mistaken. There is a fear beyond all fears, and no soap, toothpaste, mouthwash, bran, breakfast food, drink, smoke, inhalant, gargle, germicide, deodorizer, salve, eyewash or book can conquer it. This is the fear that there is no end to it, no purpose behind it all, that nothing is worth a damn. It is the great American fear, that the man, and the country, have got all dressed up, and there's no place to go.

—LAWRENCE MARTIN



TWO FIGURES AND A LEGEND

A masked actor in a female role; one of the seven gods of happiness; and the box chosen by the greedy man (in the tale of the tongue-cut sparrow), whose avarice in choosing the larger box was punished by finding that it was filled with vile, crawling, evil things.

DECEMBER, 1936



THE TALE OF DARUMA'S DEVOTION

At back Ebisu, the friend of fishermen, resting on a coral rock. In the right foreground the baby boy holds a toy doll, a representation of Daruma, the Buddhist priest who remained motionless in meditation for nine years, while his arms and legs fell off from lack of use.

CORONET



AND OF FUKUROKUJU'S FOREHEAD

Left, a fisherman; right, a child of the nobility; center, the god of health and long life, Fukurokuju (whose forehead grew enormous from hard thinking on behalf of human happiness!); and at top, a coral figure of a boy in Chinese costume bearing a large lotus leaf.

DECEMBER, 1936



YOUNG WARRIOR AND NOH DANCERS

The two swords, one thrust through the girdle and one in the hand, worn by the youth in the background, are the mark of the Samurai. The netsuke is of green lacquer on ivory. The two figures in the foreground, representing Noh dancers, are of gold lacquer on ivory.

CORONET

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"QUICK-FETCH OLD HAYS"

DISPROVING FRENCH AND ENGLISH
CLAIMS TO THE FIRST DETECTIVE



Contrary to popular belief neither France nor England produced the first professional detective. For ages historians who specialize in the annals of crime and crime detection have fallen into the error of proclaiming as the world's first detectives either Francois Vidocq, the French renegade, or the Bow Street runners who flourished in London at the beginning of the 1800's.

As recently as 1935 this gross injustice to America was repeated in a work by Mr. Edwin Gile Rich which bears the misleading title, *Vidocq; The Personal Memoirs of the First Great Detective*; and there are many earlier volumes by English chroniclers who set up as the world's first detectives a greedy little coterie of fat men who hung around Old Bow Street court in London.

How these historians happened to overlook Jacob Hays, an American, thereby sadly neglecting America as a land of pioneer geniuses, may perhaps be explained by the writers' o'er weening devotion to the Old World's widely accepted theory that America always has been pre-eminent only as a producer of outstanding criminals. It is rather ironical to report, now, that these historians who

have so neglected Jacob Hays and America, made the further and more grievous error of mistaking pioneer racketeers for great detectives.

Most likely you have never heard of Jacob Hays. Therefore it becomes necessary, as a preliminary to a complete scotching of the Vidocq and Bow Street legend, to indulge in a few biographical notes taken from the long and glamorous career of the sadly neglected Mr. Hays.

On May 13, 1772, in the village of New Rochelle, New York, an humble Jewish merchant, David Hays, received the welcome news that his wife had borne him a son. Though a Jew by birth, David Hays was a devout worshipper in the Scotch-Presbyterian faith and the son was baptized in that faith and christened Jacob.

The senior Hays also was an ardent Whig and with both time and money he served the Revolutionary cause. The boy was still an infant when his father moved to Bedford Village, near New York City, and set up a general store. Frequently George Washington put up under the mansard roof of the Hays' domicile. Though the boy could not have been more than five at the time of General Washington's visits, the senior Hays was much con-

cerned about Jacob's future and, on more than one occasion, he remarked to Washington that his son had a remarkably large head. In fact David Hays was so impressed by the extraordinary size of his offspring's head that he called in a traveling phrenologist and had him read young Jacob's cranial bumps. The bump expert's findings were, "a very strong perception, big intuition and an uncommonly large ability to take advantage of circumstances and to read people." In other words young Jacob was a smart Jewish boy.

It was David Hays' impression that his son ought to go into trade, yet, when he put Jacob behind the store counter, the youngster with the enormous head seemed more keenly interested in sizing up customers than in selling them something. This untradesmanlike tendency in his son perturbed the elder Hays and he asked the General to suggest a career for young Jacob. The lad being too young to enter the army, the General pointed out that when the war was over criminals doubtless would overrun New York City and there would be need for precocious young men with an aptitude for catching criminals.

David Hays snapped at the suggestion. Sometime in 1796 he sought out Aaron Burr, a power in politics, and Jacob, at the age of 26, was appointed marshal of the city of New York and in 1802 was elevated to the post of high constable of the city, a post equivalent to that of chief of police.

From the very start High Constable Hays did a good job. Sent into such noisome gang hangouts as Cow Bay, Murderers' Alley, the Five Points

(where Alphonse Capone got his start, later) and other cesspools of iniquity, the High Constable cleaned them out. Not least among his adversaries were British crooks who had skinned out of England at the close of the war to prey upon New York, others escaped from the Australian prison colony of Botany Bay and landed in New York. Hays rid the city of them.

Riots were common in the city until Hays appeared upon the scene. In quelling riots his technique was simple but effective. He went unarmed at all times. His only badge of office was a gold-headed baton and when he came upon a scene of trouble he held aloft the baton. "Order!" he called out. "Now, all good citizens go home."

Desiring to register themselves as good citizens in the sight of the High Constable, most of the disturbers departed. Less discreet persons, who lingered, were approached by Hays. Swinging his baton he knocked off their hats and as they stooped to recover the headgear Hays bent his knee, gave them a push and they toppled. As they sat or lay upon the cobbles the High Constable closed his eyes, silently prayed, and then in a soft voice, said, "Repent, my good man. Up and along with me to church." Off they trotted to the nearest holy house.

As a one-man enforcer of law and order, High Constable Hays had no equal in his time, and as a mixer of religion with police work he has had no equal since. In the House of Commons in London a member who had heard of Hays' prowess publicly extended to Hays an invitation to cross

the ocean and "save England from thieves and blackguards." In the *New York Evening Post*, its editor, William Cullen Bryant, urged school marms and mothers to abandon the birch rod in dealing with refractory youngsters and scare the evil out of them with the magic threat, "Behave or I'll fetch Old Hays." In some quarters this treatment was adopted and the common cry of victims of thieves and thugs was not "Help, Police!" but, "Quick—fetch Old Hays!"

And while the High Constable never slighted his patrol duties he gave full attention to the sleuthing end of his job. For forty years he worked eighteen hours a day. From 1798 until 1803, working alone on detective tasks he monopolized the sleuthing activities solving countless minor mysteries and several murder puzzles. Indeed he called himself a detective.

By 1803 the High Constable had acquired great skill and much renown as a detective and he considered detective work so essential to crime control that he called in twelve men who had been serving as members of the Night Watch and gave them a short course in the art of detection as he understood and practiced it. Always brief and to the point he summed up the duties of a detective in these words, "Detect by instinct and reason. Rule sternly but with love for your fellow man. Go to church lest your consciences escape you."

In this day it seems strange to hear of a police detective ruling with love; still more uncommon to hear of a police chief admonishing his man-

hunters to go to church lest their consciences escape them. Into all his work the High Constable injected a seasoning of religion yet by no means was he a religious fanatic. He was shrewdly practical for when he came to sending out his crew of twelve pioneer detectives he split them into six pairs, naively explaining to all of them, en masse, that two heads were better than one and that in case of attack one man could protect the other. But quietly, to each man separately, he confidentially let it be known that we would not be averse to hearing from them, confidentially, when they had transgressions to report against their partners.

To this day the practice persists of sending police detectives out in pairs. Though Hays may have been overlooked by historians as a great detective he left his mark upon modern police practice in more ways than one.

Consider now the career of M. Vidocq. In 1803, when Hays organized his detective bureau, Vidocq was still languishing in a French prison, an incorrigible thief and blackguard. For a decade he had been trying to chisel his way out of gaol by offering to serve the police as a stool pigeon, and, in 1817, on an understanding with the police that he would catch a minimum number of criminals each month, he was released. Failing to attain this minimum he was to be shipped on a prison galley for the rest of his natural life. Shortly after his release he organized his *brigade de sûreté* in Paris. He got together twenty of the worst cut-throats he had met in prison and or-

ganized them into the brigade, a bit of organizational work the French populace often regretted and damned. The "dirty twenty," as they were dubbed, were supposed to be detectives though not called that. When crime was at a low ebb, and he stood in danger of not gathering in his minimum quota of criminals, M. Vidocq ordered his brigadiers to commit crimes whereupon he exposed them and arrested them and thus managed to supply his quota. It appears that M. Vidocq was not a detective but an infamous agent provocateur and framer-up, fomenting crime to save his neck and earn himself the French equivalent of five dollars a week.

In 1827, M. Vidocq was granted a full pardon and he was no longer required to catch a certain number of criminals each month. So he turned to feathering his nest. He organized what he termed the Trade Protection Society. For a stiff fee Paris merchants were admitted to membership in the society and, thereafter, their shops were singularly free from criminal attack while the shops of merchants who had refused to join suffered unceasing depredations. M. Vidocq instigated the criminal attacks. His Trade Protection Society was nothing more than an out-and-out racketeering organization of pioneer vintage and the modern dyeing and cleaning protection rackets are modern prototypes of his society. If M. Vidocq merits a place in police history it is as a pioneer racketeer rather than the world's first great detective.

At length he was again thrown into jail and his *brigade de sûreté* dis-

banded in disgrace. Released from prison in 1850, he turned up in London as a lecturer on crime and a reformer. In 1857 he died in London, aged 82, protesting his penitence but still a deep-dyed scoundrel. He left twelve wills bequeathing all his worldly goods to twelve Paris ma'moiselles whom he had seduced. When they went to gather in their inheritances the soiled ma'moiselles discovered that M. Vidocq had years before given all his goods and chattels to his landlady.

In thumbnail proportions that was the career of the illustrious M. Vidocq. Now may be drawn on M. Vidocq the simple device known as the deadly chronological parallel.

HAYS

- 1772—Born
- 1798—Appointed Chief Marshal of New York City
- 1802—Appointed High Constable of New York City
- 1803—Organized first detective squad
- 1817—Had solved many crime mysteries including murders
- 1827—Acclaimed the world's first great detective
- 1832—England invited him to come on over
- 1850—Died in New York City. Buried with state honors

VIDOCQ

- 1775—Born in France, son of an Arras baker
- 1798—Languishing in a French prison, trying to chisel his way out
- 1802—Still languishing in gaol, trying to regain his freedom by offering to become a police stool pigeon

- 1807—Still in gaol
- 1817—Released from prison and organized his brigade of brigands
- 1827—Organized the pioneer Trade protection racket
- 1832—His infamous brigade disbanded in disgrace. In gaol again
- 1857—Died in London, still an unmitigated scoundrel

Now to dispose of the Bow Street Runners whom most English historians regard as the first professional detectives. Once it was my privilege to ask a Scotland Yard man if it were true, as the historians claimed, that the great Yard stemmed directly from the Bow Street boys. His indignant manner, and the way he clinched his massive hands, prompted my research into the history and achievements of the Bow Street lads; and the result plainly indicated why the Yard man had been so thoroughly indignant.

From the historical record it appears that the Bow Street runners flourished in London from the late 1780's until the early 1820's. They were portly little bantams, red-cheeked, smug and furtive. Clad in brilliant red waistcoats, and bristling with clumsy pistols, they buzzed about old Bow Street police court and for a daily fee of a guinea were supposed to serve court summons and maintain order in the courtroom. Their chief was an expansively girthed old despot, one John Townsend, so named because of his ubiquitous practice of daily covering the town from one end to the other . . .

The court work was merely a front for the runners. Their principal and highly profitable activity was collect-

ing blood money. For a fee of forty pounds up they undertook to recover stolen property operating upon the basis of no fee, no property. Frequently they recovered a stolen horse, returned the saddle to its rightful owner and kept the horse. Subsequently it developed that most of the runners were thieves or in league with thieves and fences; that they instigated robberies to earn their fees. The Bow Street boys were also nothing more than racketeers and there was a huge stink in London when they were exposed.

It is true that they were contemporaneous with Hays, and though English historians call them the world's first detectives, and assert that Scotland Yard (organized in 1829) was an outgrowth of the runners, I assure you that no Scotland Yard man will show any sympathy with that claim. And the organization of Scotland Yard in 1829 came twenty-six years after High Constable Hays had organized the world's first squad of professional dicks.

Thus by means of chronological contrast the claim that M. Vidocq and the Bow Street boys were the world's first detectives is disposed of. But since M. Vidocq has been dubbed the world's first *great* detective a contrast between his exploits and Hays' is in order.

For accounts of this French renegade's skill as a detective his champions mainly rely upon the voluble memoirs attributed to his well-oiled pen. The tales of his transcendental prowess to be found in the memoirs smack of the apocryphal. Some literary ferrets hold that the memoirs were fabricated from beginning to end.

There is evidence that they were first written in English by a British army officer who published them in 1828. It is said that Dickens, Poe, Balzac and Gaboriau (who called his detective hero Lecoq) generously helped themselves to the memoirs in writing their classic tales of crime detection.

Not many cases of murder inquiry appear in the memoirs but it is reputed that in 1820 (long after Hays had been detecting) Vidocq handled a murder case, one of his first, it is supposed. Eighteen years before (according to newspapers of the day) Hays had solved a murder mystery. As a means of contrasting in detail the skill of the two men these murder cases are invaluable, for it so happens that each man had a similar clue to work with—a pair of gloves.

The victim in Vidocq's 1820 murder case was an aged French woman who had been strangled to death. Near her body was found a pair of man's white silk gloves, bloodstained. Vidocq examined them closely and, brought his mind to bear upon his various cut-throat agents, trying to select one whose specialty might be strangulation. At length he accused a former sailor, now one of his agents, and fitting the gloves to the suspect's hands (they were ordinary gloves of average size) sent him off to be guillotined. When the severance took place on the public chopping block, M. Vidocq, with his usual scoundrelly touch, seized all the sailor's goods for himself. And that, in the memoirs, stands as one of M. Vidocq's great detective achievements.

Eighteen years before, bear in mind, High Constable Hays also had

a murder case with only a pair of gloves to work upon. Recall, also, that his method of procedure was by the rule of instinct and reason.

On a summer morning in 1802, an aged woman appeared in the doorway of a sailor's boarding house along New York's East River and shrieked, "Quick—fetch Mr. Hays!" The ubiquitous High Constable appeared, and goin up into the boarding house, came upon the corpse of a sailor whose money was gone. At the foot of the bed lay two new white cloth gloves, both for the left hand of a man. They were too small for the dead man's hands and there was no blood upon them. A master of minute detail, the High Constable discerned that the little finger of one of the gloves was flat. From this circumstance Hays concluded that the murderer had a little finger missing from one hand.

Swinging his gold-headed baton, the High Constable wandered along the street. He passed a number of ships' stores shops and, since it was a hot morning, the shop owners were standing in their doorways.

Recognizing the well known figure of their protector, the shop keepers, with one exception, nodded as the High Constable passed. The one exception was an ex-mariner named Larsen who withdrew into his shop as Hays came along. In a little while Hays entered Larsen's shop and found him engaged in cleaning a suit of clothes and, with greater particularity, noted that Larsen wore leather gloves which prevented the High Constable from seeing his hands.

A bit of real secret service work was necessary here and Hays proceeded

with it. He asked to be shown a pair of woollen socks. When they were shown to him he laid aside one pair, then asked to see some cheap white gloves, explaining that he was thinking of putting his men into such gloves. Larsen brought out a box of gloves. The High Constable pawed them over and observed that one pair was not mated. Both were for the right hand while the pair the murderer had worn were for the left hand. Hays put the unmatched gloves back into the box and then asked Larsen to deliver the socks to his office in the rotunda of the City Hall.

Towards the close of day, Larsen appeared in the office and delivered the package and again he was gloved. "Come, my good man," said Hays stepping into a dim lit room. "Let me try on the socks." Stepping into the half dark, Larsen caught the High Constables arm with a hand of which the little finger was missing. Hays went to a table on which lay an object covered with a white cloth. Suddenly a gas jet was turned up, Hays jerked the white cloth away and a nude corpse was revealed. "Look," says Hays. "Look upon that man. Have you ever seen him before?"

Larsen gave at the knees, gulped, stammered, "I murdered him."

The High Constable led his man to Trinity Church, a few blocks away, and there in a rear pew he heard Larsen's murder confession. On the scaffold a few weeks later, Larsen tried to recant his confession as the hangman slipped the noose over his head. At that moment the High Constable, in high hat, frock coat and black tie, came up to the scaffold,

waved his gold-headed baton. The condemned man turned to the executioner. "No. I can't lie while that man Hays has his eyes on me. I killed that man. Right enough."

The execution proceeded.

Today the confrontation stunt, such as Hays used more than 130 years ago, is still in use.

For forty years Hays went on solving crime mysteries and originating techniques for the solution of crime puzzles. When the great Union Bank was tapped for \$85,000 in 1818, by means of ten forged checks, Hays took up the case, single-handed. By holding up to a lamp the ten forged checks, Hays discovered that each signature was exactly alike to the minutest waver. Passing an oily rag across all the checks, thus making the paper translucent, and holding up to the light three checks at a time he made certain that the signatures were precisely alike. "Forgeries," he announced. "A more methodical man than myself does not breathe; yet I never in my life have written my signature twice alike. These forgeries were traced from the same original." The forger was caught and punished. Seventy years later, by the same simple operation of holding forged checks up to the light, Inspector Arthur A. Carey of the New York Homicide Bureau, fastened the crime of murder upon an astute lawyer. In Chicago, some ninety years later, Alphonse Capone was emulating M. Vidocq with a murderous dyeing and cleaning racket, organized as M. Vidocq had organized and operated his Trade Protection Society.

There can be no doubt that Hays

was regarded, in his time, as the world's greatest detective. Towards the middle of his career William Cullen Bryant, writing in the *New York Evening Post*, proclaimed Hays the "police genius of all times." In the contemporaneous *American Calendar of Crime*, a replica of the *English Newgate Calendar*, it was said of Hays: "There is only one great detective in the world, our esteemed High Constable. The man who had eluded the great Vidocq and all the Bow Street runners, and their legion of thieves and stool pigeons, was finally caught, and well caught, by Jacob Hays."

How the High Constable came to merit this high praise is explained by one of his many remarkable exploits. In an early bank robbery, Hays concluded that an innocent man was wrongly accused and he worked tooth and nail to get him off.

Just as the innocent man's trial was to start, Hays walked in with the real robbers, three of them, one of whom was William Sutton, alias Bill the Wheeler, for whom Vidocq and the British police were hunting as the principal in the half-million dollar robbery of the Bank of Glasgow. Another member of the mob of three was James Stevens, a highly educated Englishman who was said to be the illegitimate offspring of King George III of England. So greatly did Stevens admire the High Constable for his hard fight to free an innocent man that he betrayed his pals as well as himself to the High Constable, also disclosing to Hays a plan to rob six Boston banks and hold up the wealth-

laden Boston-NewYork mail coach.

The capture of Bill the Wheeler amazed Europe. He was the boldest robber of the time. In England he had robbed twenty-six banks in a row, defying not only the Bow Street boys but the entire English police. In France he had tapped twelve banks under M. Vidocq's very nose and had escaped with his loot. As a result of this capture, Hays' fame spread throughout the civilized world.

Jacob Hays passed on June 22, 1850. By order of the courts his funeral was a state affair. For two days his body lay in state in the Rotunda of the City Hall and thousands had their last look at his round, chubby little face. In the church from which he was buried the last five rows of pews were set apart for un-named mourners, all ex-jailbirds whom, in one way or another, the High Constable had reformed.

Twenty years after his death letters were still drifting into his office addressed to Hays, the World's Greatest Detective. Some were from emperors and statesmen inviting High Constable Hays to do something about their police. Others submitted the details of unsolved murder mysteries in China, Australia, Italy and Russia and requested that the High Constable try his fine hand at solving them. For years the old *National Police Gazette* which Hays had been in the habit of reading every week adjured all good police officers to imitate Hays' fine example. And many police officers did.

—HOWARD McLELLAN

Mr. McLellan was the first to point out, in a piece of detective fiction written almost ten years ago, how even the most astute criminals might be brought to book through income tax prosecution.

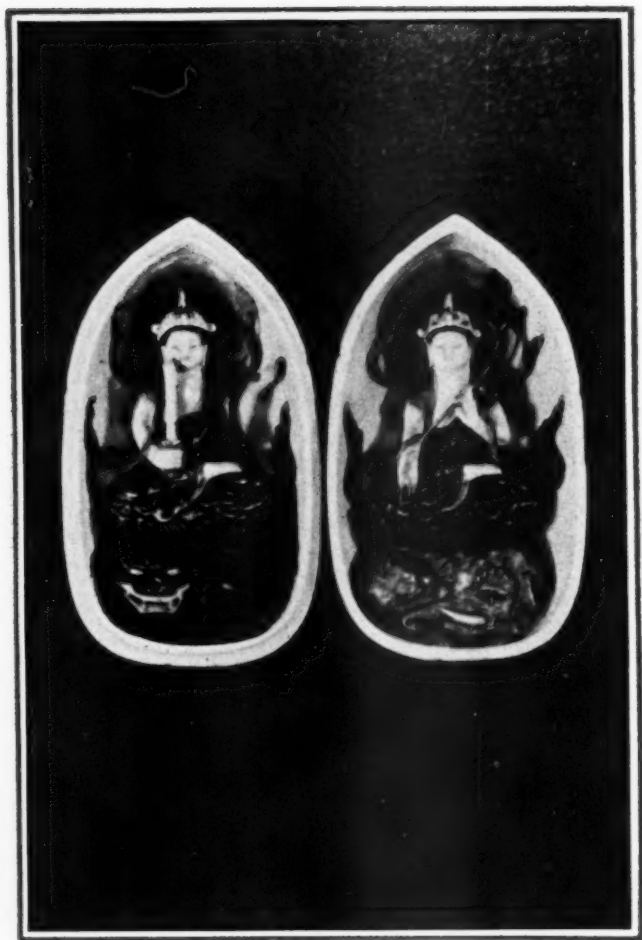


ALL NETSUKE COLL. ADOLPH KROCH

FRANTIC NYMPH AND ARDENT SWAIN

Kiyohime, the passionate maiden from whom a priest hid under a temple bell, on which she flung herself so ardently that the priest inside was cooked! Below, ardent swain taking flowers to his fiancée; on his head a mask of his woebegone expression after marriage!

DECEMBER, 1936



A TEMPLE, POCKET SIZE

Smaller than the "church" that children make playing "steeple and people" with their fingers is this pocket shrine, revealing Fugen on a lion and Monju on an elephant. Both gods are Bodhisattva, attendant deities of the Buddha. Of carved and lacquered ivory.

CORONET

MISSIONARY TO AMERICA

THE CASE OF A GREY FRIAR WHOM
HISTORY HAS SMUDGED TOO BLACK



From time to time historians discover hiding in their respectable midst a knave, a liar, a plagiarist, and a forger. When such a fellow is caught red-handed there is nothing for his brethren to do but pick him up by the scruff of the neck and carry him to the ash pile. There, publicly excommunicating him, they wash their hands of his reputation and his works and march back at a quick-step to the writing of more history. Some skeptics have suggested that the difference between the accursed beings and those who curse them is that the damned are merely the historians who get caught off base.

Such a one, at any rate, was Father Louis Hennepin, born 16—?, died 16—? He emerged out of total obscurity as a French Fleming and Franciscan monk who for a time became the most widely read author on the exploration of the then heathen and unkempt North American continent. He passed from the scene a branded liar who had not been to half the places upon the turbid "Meschacipi River" that he claimed to have visited, one who tried to rob better men of their fame and shamelessly lifted portions of the accounts of his religious brethren.

Towns, counties, canals, streets, and wharves have been named for this merry friar, without taking into consideration the downfall of his reputation as an explorer and as a saintly missionary to the whooping savage. He has been relegated to the rank of eye-witness historians of great events who tell the truth by accident and fiction by instinct. But in the course of research I find Hennepin to be a maligned fellow, not half so black as his black-gowned Jesuit rivals have called him. Just possibly the friar missed his proper profession in life. He confesses that even after he downed the habit he used to linger around the tavern doors of the seaport towns, listening to sailors' tales of adventure on the high seas. The foul language and the tobacco smoke disgusted the man of the cloth, but the man of flesh underneath the girdle was stirred up to thoughts of semi-secular adventure.

At last in 1675—the first certain date in his life—he was sent across the sea on the same boat that happened to bear toward the shores of Canada the proud and ambitious Robert de La Salle. On deck the flying petticoats of some dancing girls, who were going out to become wives to unblessed bachelors in the New

World, so disturbed Hennepin that he compelled the able dervishes to stop. High words between La Salle and Hennepin ensued. Yet La Salle made room for Hennepin in 1681 when he set out with his grand army of eleven men to explore the Illinois country and retrace the steps of Joliet and the immortal Father Marquette. These two had portaged from the Chicago River, then called the Divine, across Mud Lake (now in the suburb of Berwyn) to the Desplaines, and they had actually reached the Mississippi. There tales of hostile Indians had turned them back. La Salle proposed now to follow the river to its mouth, upset the claims of De Soto, and win all for Louis and France. La Salle reached the Illinois country in January of 1682 and near the present metropolis of Utica he began to build his first fort.

Here commenced the trials and labors of Father Louis Hennepin, striving to bring a knowledge of the True Faith to the iniquitous heathen. His task was uphill work. The Indians would do anything he asked; they would kneel down, stop smoking, give up Dutch rum, pray, or confess anything. But their affability in these matters was apparently only part of their innate courtesy. Nothing, he soon saw, could be done to make them abandon the practice of polygamy while the Devil prompted them to go about in pre-Adamite nudity. With difficulty he at last persuaded a catechism class of little red girls to clutch wisps of deer skin to their persons while actually engaged in listening to the Word. But deerskins were thrown to the winds a moment later.

Boys were too fond of their tattooing, dorsal and ventral, to be encumbered with even the shreds of prudery. Women, after the most touching expressions of conversion, continued to be as superstitious as are women the world over; and as for the braves, they were as willing to take scalps for the glory of the white man's God as for the family honor, so long as they could go on scalping.

Father Hennepin assures us that he was ready at any time to die for the faith, as the Jesuits had already died at the stake among the wicked anglophile Iroquois, or to brave still more frightful dangers and sufferings than his perils and miseries among the relatively mild *Iliniwek*. In fact, he talked about it so much and so often and made himself such a bore to La Salle, the French soldiers, and, we suspect, to the Indians, that his commander at last took him at his word. Hennepin's courage and sincerity were to be tried in fires of real danger. He must go to the country of the Sioux, the wildest and cruelest hordes of the great Dakota plains, and spread the Gospel amidst their feathered and howling ranks. Two of the Frenchmen that LaSalle probably trusted least were to be his only guards and servitors.

And—write it down to the good Father's credit—he accepted the dare. His orders were if possible to discover the sources of the Mississippi while La Salle sought its mouth. In pursuance of these orders the three Frenchmen started to ascend the mysterious river. As La Salle had perhaps grimly foreseen, capture by the Sioux was not long in coming. The three pale-



"I'm crazy about his voice—but I don't like his soap"

DECEMBER, 1936



"Waiter—am I having a good time?"

CORONET

faces were hied by forced marches to the wigwams of the galloping Sioux.

In their midst dwelt the poor Franciscan for weary months. As guest among the Illinois he had at least been well fed; a captive among the Plains Tribes, meat was too good for him. Morsels of decayed fish were the best of his fare. For the most part he was expected to forage for himself, without weapons, subsisting upon wild berries and roots grubbed from the ungenerous prairies. It is a tale of martyrdom unrelieved except by the occasional magnanimous whim of some brave or some woman, and by the grim humor of his captors. When they found a prude in him their fun was endless. With his two ignorant fellow captives the savages got on better; these relapsed so naturally into savagery that the Sioux could positively feel affectionate toward them. But the dignity, as well as the vows, of Hennepin's order made him remote from his captors. And perhaps his stiff-necked personality must be reckoned in. I doubt if the Sioux liked him as an individual any better than La Salle did.

Finally the *Sieur Du Luth*, from which the Zenith City takes its name, encountered Hennepin trying to force his way back to civilization. Du Luth carried him safely to Green Bay and so back to Quebec, and eventually the weary monk reached France. Here he published his first and his best account of his adventures in the country that was later to claim that it was God's own. Dedicating it to his most Christian Majesty Louis Fourteenth, Hennepin hoped for great things. But there were neither re-

sounding honors nor emolument. Father Hyacinth Le Fevre, his superior, ordered him to return to the American missionary field.

But Hennepin had had enough of the wild Americans. He declined to go, and the displeased Father Hyacinth took his quiet and churchly revenge. He blocked everything that Hennepin wanted to do, moving him from one see to another, suppressing the schemes of the one-time evangel of the Sioux. Until at last Hennepin would have been glad to find himself a prisoner in their painted midst again. But this too he was prevented from accomplishing. He petitioned Louis Fourteenth, but the paper was referred to an official who dropped it into the quicklime of official archives.

In desperation Hennepin, a Fleming in Flemish territory, threw himself upon the mercies of King William, who happened to be both a Low Country potentate and King of England. Putting off his habit and dressed for the first time in perhaps thirty years in secular attire, plain citizen Louis Hennepin crossed the wobbling Channel to England. And there, living upon borrowed funds, he negotiated for the publication of a book that ruined his reputation.

With that reputation he ought certainly to have been content. He had been a missionary to the cruel Iroquois and the wilder Sioux, he had traced the Mississippi to its source, a feat almost as great as La Salle's epoch-making journey to its embouchure. He had endured dangers, zealously preached the word of God to ears filled with the rumble of the war drum. His "Description of Louisi-

ana" had been an honest if melodramatic and self-vaunting account.

But the itch for authorship was upon him. The self-deluded pretensions of the explorer weakened his fiber and like Frederick Cook he had the audacity to claim a goal which another man, equipped with undeniable records, had already attained. In the preface of his "New Discovery" Hennepin unburdened himself of a secret he had never told while La Salle lived. Before ascending to the headwaters of the Mississippi, he claimed, he had first gone down to its mouth, thus antedating La Salle.

The "New Discoveries" contains so many clumsy plagiarisms from the actual record of Father Le Clerq, who did accompany La Salle, and so many errors and impossible miscalculations of time, that detection was certain to follow. But the European public was delighted to be fooled. Fame and money were his now.

I suspect that Hennepin allowed his editor to have a hack rewrite the whole book in an effort to popularize and make marketable the tawdry article. In that case the authorship of the "New Discoveries" is not really Hennepin's. But he objected not, neither did he cry out. He even dedicated the work to good King William, a Protestant prince, and in flowery language urged his patron to colonize these lands with man, sword, and church.

When Louis Fourteenth read these words he ordered that if that monk ever again entered the realm of France he should be immediately arrested. For poor Hennepin, returned now to the Low Countries and Holy vest-

ments, this made matters embarrassing. The French-Flemish border in those days was shifting as rapidly as Louis could engulf the wealthy industrial cities of the Flemish.

So, the last that we see of Hennepin is a monk dodging from monastery to monastery, claiming more and more, disclaiming nothing, however spurious, intriguing with Protestant civil officers, with his own Catholic superiors, petitioning, protesting, whining and maneuvering. The end came in obscurity. The very records of the Franciscans have failed to record where he at last laid down the restless head that the Sioux had not scalped because they could not find on the tonsured pate a lock by which to hold this slippery author-explorer-religious.

If there is any moral to this tale it may be that we should not call the characters of history either white or black. Black the Jesuits painted Hennepin; black the historians have called him. Only a few have tried to white-wash him. Yet I think that his soul, like yours and mine, was probably merely dingy, like his gray Franciscan habit. With a mighty power of good in him, he was not content with his destiny; he had to ruin himself; he talked too much, as we all do. Perhaps there is another moral; perhaps the worst thing that a man can do is to begin to write for money. But could we locate the Grey Brothers' tomb we might find that those who knew him best had overlooked his sins and said *de mortibus nisi bonum*. Indeed, he was A Good Man—but nobody liked him.

—DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

SHORT STORY CLASS

CLASSROOM PICTURE DRAWN LARGE
AS LIFE AND TWICE AS NATURAL



Mr. Clegg regarded their beaming faces.

"Today we will discuss the emotion of vengeance," said Mr. Clegg. "Miss Gribble, will you please tell the class something about the emotion of vengeance, as set forth in *The Cask of Amontillado*?"

"I haven't read it," said Miss Gribble. "You see, I've been working on several of my own stories."

"That's fine, Miss Gribble. Miss Posner, tell us something about *The Cask of Amontillado*."

"I don't like it—that is, I haven't read it, Mr. Clegg. But the story I've just handed in deals with vengeance. In a spiritual sense. It is about a man who is tormented by the thought that his three year old daughter, seeing the ghost of her mother lurking behind an oak tree in the meadow behind the house in the moonlight—"

"Perhaps, Miss Posner, we had better wait before we discuss your story. We shall understand it better after you've read it to the class. Miss Eggleston, tell us something about vengeance in *The Cask of Amontillado*."

"When you read *The Cask of Amontillado*," said Miss Eggleston, "you see there is vengeance. There is vengeance in *The Cask of Amontillado*.

When you finish it, you feel there is vengeance. Vengeance is a very powerful emotion. You feel it when you read *The Cask of Amontillado*. He makes you believe that vengeance is an emotion."

"Miss Eggleston neglected to mention vengeance for love. In my story, the man is tormented by the vision of his three year old daughter who, seeing the ghost of her mother lurking behind an oak tree in the meadow behind the house in the moonlight—"

"Miss Posner, we'll discuss your story after the class has read it. It is now impossible to—"

"But bourgeois love," said Miss Heller, "is based on property. Vengeance in love is because a man looks on a woman as his property, his chattel, so to speak. Only in a classless society where there are no classes can we speak of love in the proper sense. If a man shoots another man because he—sleeps with his wife—"

"I don't think we should discuss this in class," said Miss Bingwell.

"But I was speaking of vengeance in a spiritual sense," said Miss Posner. "If Miss Heller read my story about a three year old daughter tormented by the spectre of her mother being chased about by her father around

the old oak tree in the—”

“Vengeance will disappear with the coming of a new society,” said Miss Heller. “So it isn’t very important anyway.”

“I think vengeance is morbid,” said Miss Bingwell. “It’s a state of mind.”

“Has anyone anything further to add about *The Cask of Amontillado*?” said Mr. Clegg.

“We haven’t read it, Mr. Clegg. You see, we thought we’d work on our own stories.”

Mr. Clegg smiled brightly. He believed in keeping his classes for creative work informal. Next term, however—

“Very well, class, we’ll take up some of your own work. Miss Gribble, read your story.”

Miss Gribble read. Mr. Clegg welcomed the mist gathering comfortably on his mind. He watched her profile. “Like a pink suckling pig,” he mused pleasantly.

“She lifted her two eyes to his,” read Miss Gribble, “two violet pools of pansies drenched in dewey mist. ‘Kiss me or I’ll scream,’ she murmured.”

“Pink suckling pig, hell,” decided Mr. Clegg. “Fine, fat porker!”

“Miss Bingwell,” said Mr. Clegg. “What is your criticism of Miss Gribble’s story?”

“I think it is very good,” said Miss Bingwell. “It is very interesting. It is not morbid like so many of these modern writers like Dreiser and Ex-Wife.”

“Miss Eggleston?”

“I think it is very vivid. You see them all there. You feel the characters. You feel them all there.”

“It has no relation to modern life,”

said Miss Heller. “It is like the movies. Why do people go to the movies? Because they are all fed up with their rotten lives. What do they get in the movies? They—”

“The trouble with Miss Gribble’s story is, she isn’t sincere,” said Miss Posner. “She does not reach out to the souls of her characters. In my story, where the ghost of a man’s wife—”

“But I didn’t write a deep story,” said Miss Gribble, “I only meant to write a light charming bagatelle. Something on the type of *Collier’s* or the *Ladies’ Home Journal*.”

“Perhaps if you tightened it up a bit,” said Mr. Clegg, “—if you took out some of those lou—unnecessary phrases—however, I feel that you do not treat your characters as real people. Have you—”

“Well, you see, Mr. Clegg, as I said before, I wanted to write a light charming bagatelle. I don’t care about this highbrow stuff. I treat my writing as an assignment. I write three thousand words every night. Only last week, I read a story in *Collier’s* which was practically the same as mine.”

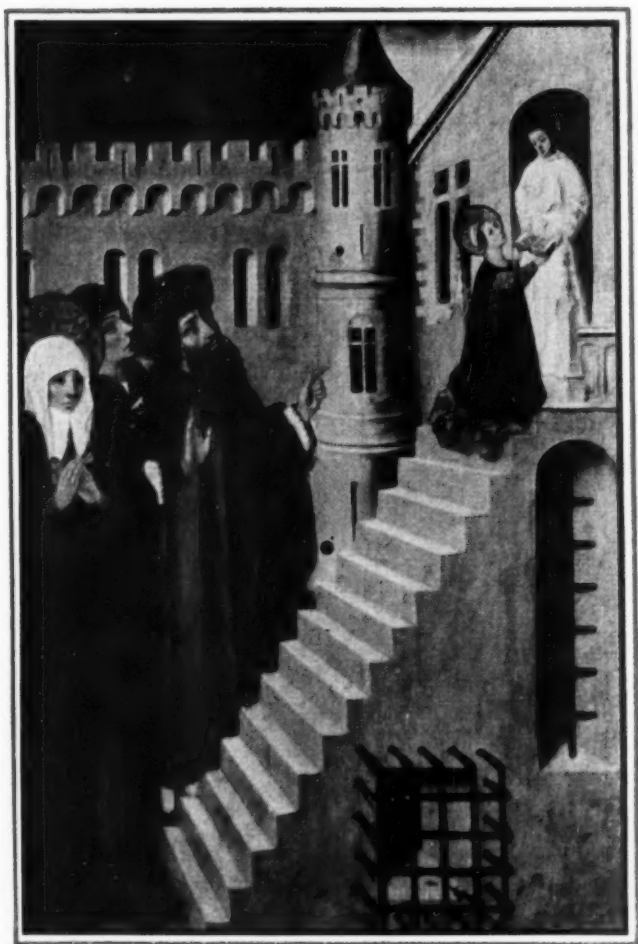
“You are very industrious,” said Mr. Clegg. “It is to be commended.”

“But it is not art,” said Miss Posner.

“I think Miss Gribble’s story is very interesting,” said Miss Eggleston. “Although perhaps if she made you feel the characters a little more—sort of feel them—”

“Miss Jones, will you please read your story?” Miss Jones walked to the front of the room. She waved one scarlet tipped hand about as she read.

“... ah, but I love him ... and



COLL. CH. DEERING, ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN

A Spanish Primitive of the late fifteenth century, probably by a northern painter, perhaps of the school of Burgos. The Flemish influence is shown in the realistic detail of the architecture while the elements of fantasy and design show the developing Spanish style.

DECEMBER, 1936



COLL. CH. DEERING, ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

SPANISH MADONNA AND CHILD

A panel painted in oil between 1451 and 1460 by Jaime Baçò, called Maestro Jacomart, the most important painter of the school of Valencia in the fifteenth century. Like the other Spanish primitive on the preceding page, this shows influence of early Flemish school.

CORONET

he doesn't give me a thought . . . when we dance he steps on my feet and tears my gown, he doesn't even know I'm there . . . ah, but I love him, ah, why do I love him . . . why?"

"Yes, why," Mr. Clegg murmured low. "Miss Bingwell, any comment on Miss Jones's story?"

"Well, of course, it's very interesting. But there doesn't seem to be much of a story."

"Oh, it wasn't meant to be," said Miss Jones. "I just thought I'd do one of those monologues like Dorothy Parker."

"This is a short story class," said Mr. Clegg.

"Well, I thought I would try a monologue like Dorothy Parker. I just dashed it off," said Miss Jones.

"Although Dorothy Parker panders to the taste of the sickly pseudo-sophisticated," said Miss Heller, "she manages to ridicule the very class she writes for. If she hadn't made so much money—"

"The thing about Dorothy Parker is, she sort of gets people. She *gets* them," said Miss Eggleston.

"She is very superficial" said Miss Posner. "She does not dig beneath the surface of—of—things. In my story which deals with the spiritual vengeance of the three year old daughter of a farmer who is—"

"Miss Jones," said Mr. Clegg. "If you could be more detached from your material—perhaps if you avoided the first person—"

"Well, but look at the *District Doctor*, by Gorki—"

"It was Chekhov wrote it," said

Miss Heller. "Chekhov wrote of the decaying middle classes and—"

"It was Turgeniev," said Mr. Clegg. "Yes, Miss Gribble?"

"I think the standard of the class is too high," said Miss Gribble. "After all, we want to sell our work. I think the discussion should be turned to little pointers on how to sell our work."

"But if it isn't sincere?" said Miss Posner. "If one doesn't grasp the innermost being of the people he writes about?"

"Miss Posner will now read her story to the class," said Mr. Clegg.

"Miss Posner read. Mr. Clegg looked at her thinking he would like to take her to dinner some time, but for her reaching out to the innermost being of people—that might lead to things.

"Oscar Applebee sat in his lonely farmhouse. He was listening . . ."

The bell rang. Miss Posner looked disappointed.

"Miss Posner will continue at our next meeting," said Mr. Clegg. "If you have time, read *The Cask of Amontillado*."

"I have two more stories," said Miss Gribble, stopping at his desk on her way out. "I'm working out the plots now."

"That's fine," said Mr. Clegg.

They trooped out. As he waited for his next class, in English Romantic Poetry, he wondered if by next year he would have enough money saved to resign. He could buy that cottage in Connecticut, cheap. And finish his novel.

—NOEL HUTCHINSON

Mr. Hutchinson is an ex-schoolteacher who has just begun to write for publication. This is his first published story. He is twenty-seven, lives in Manhattan (Fourteenth Street) and likes it.

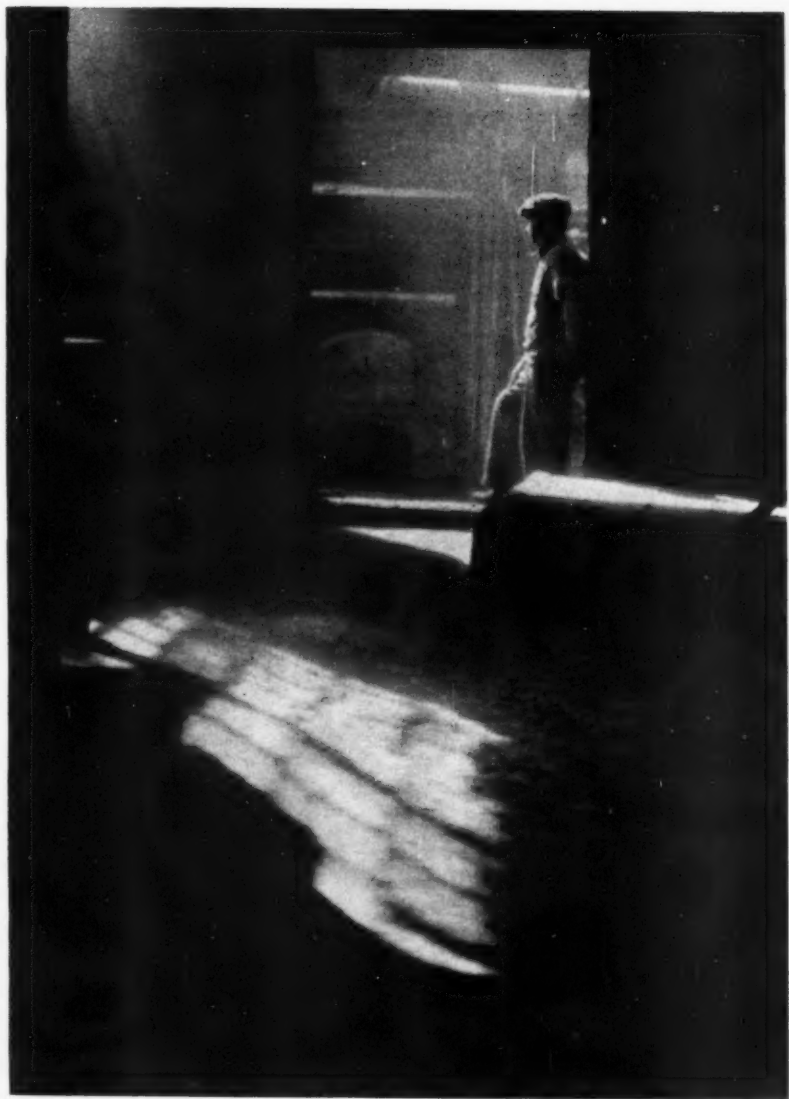


DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

THE LONESOME ROAD

CORONET



CHICAGO

DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

NOON HOUR

DECEMBER, 1936



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

THE LONESOME ROAD

CORONET

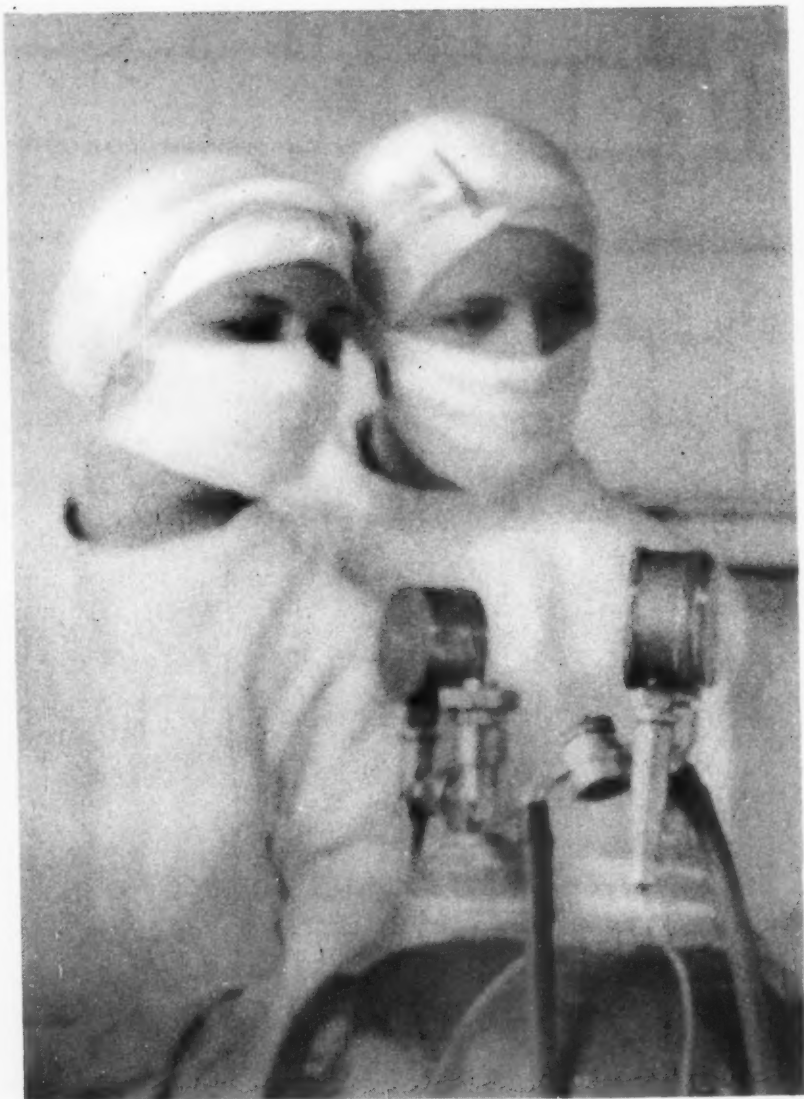


DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

NOON HOUR

DECEMBER, 1936

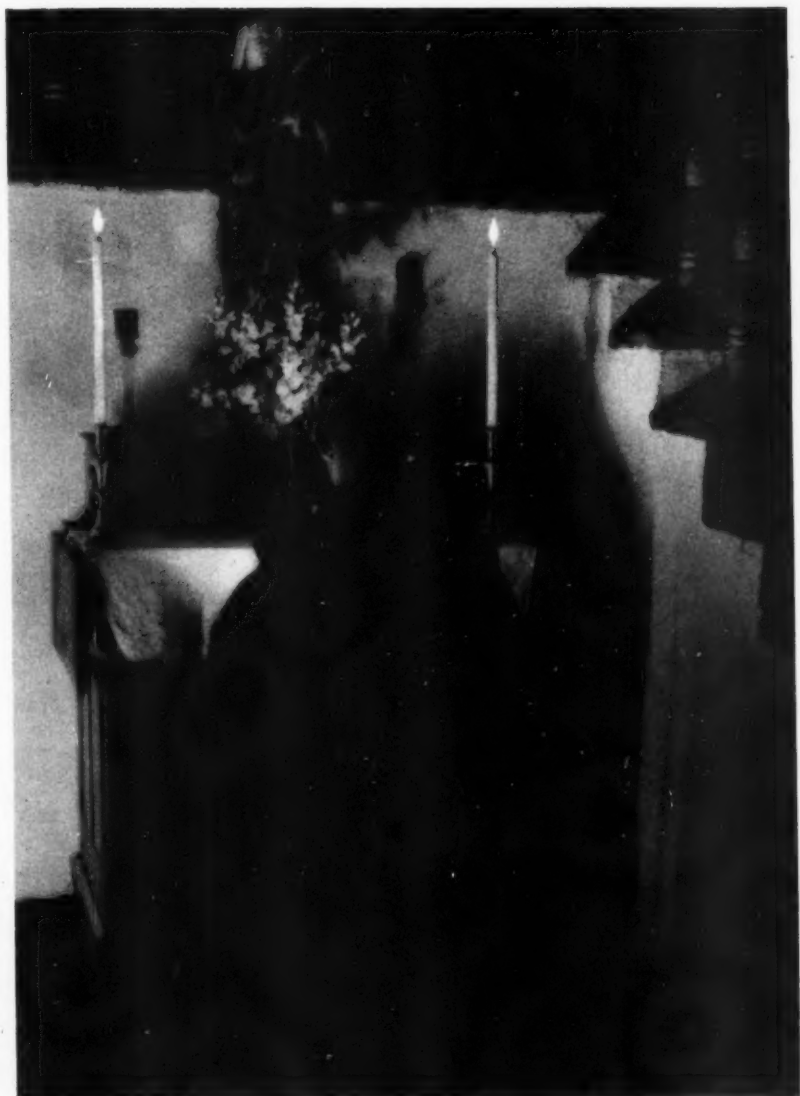


GUY EDERHEIMER JR.

CHICAGO

WOMEN IN WHITE

CORONET

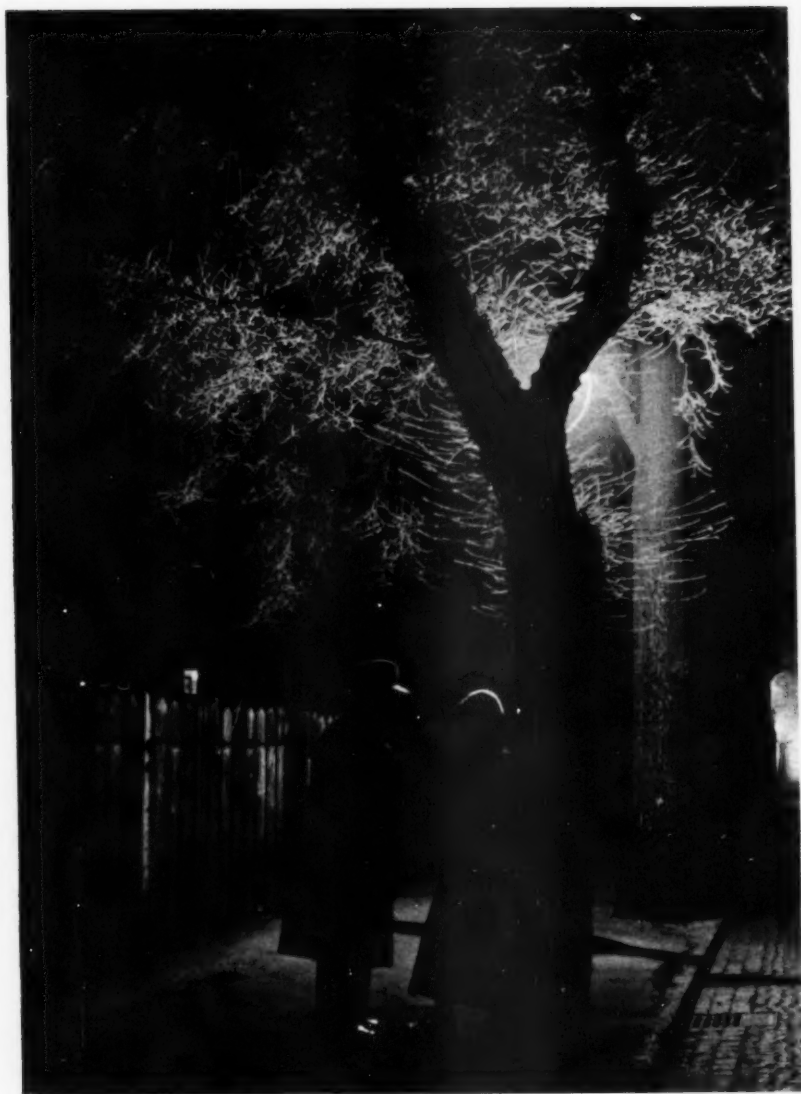


C. MITCHELL

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

DECEMBER, 1936



EUROPEAN PHOTO

STREET LIGHT

CORONET

126



EUROPEAN PHOTO

NEW DAY

DECEMBER, 1936



"Pop, can I go over to Wanamaker's and see Santa Claus?"

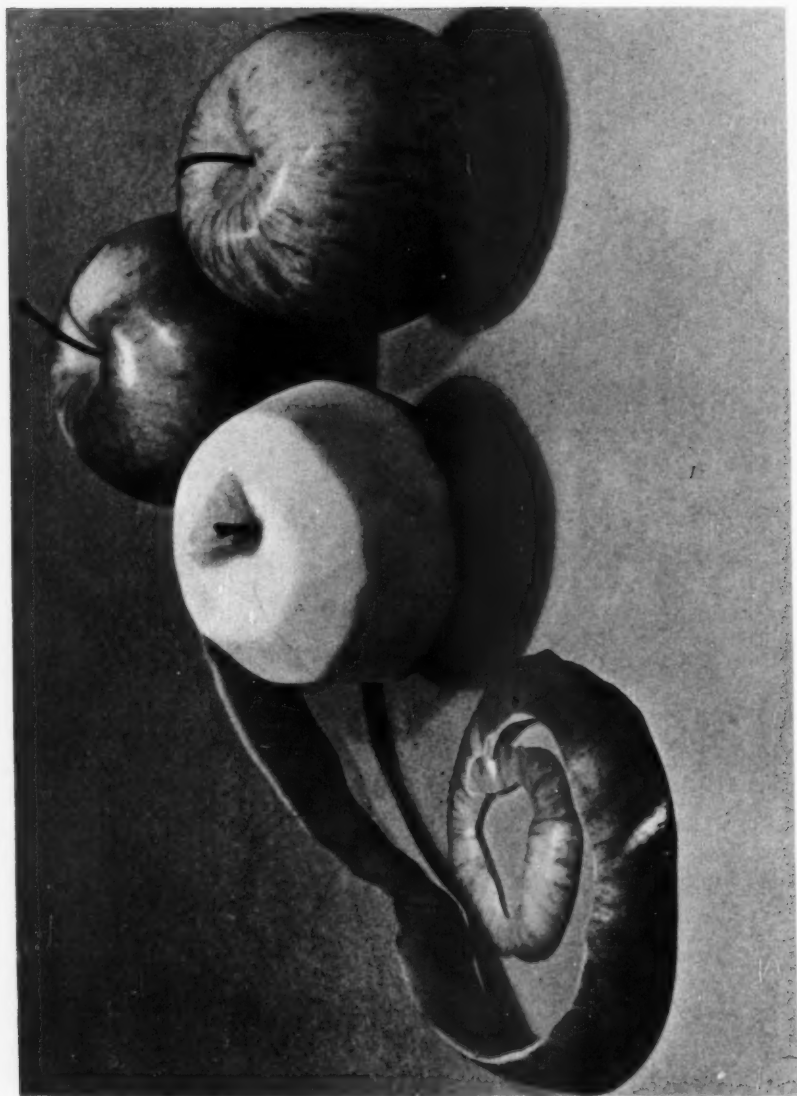


WESTELIN

CHICAGO

FLOWER STUDY

DECEMBER, 1936



EUGENE ERBIT

EUROPEAN PHOTO

STILL LIFE

CORONET



WESTELIN

CHICAGO

FLOWER STUDY

DECEMBER, 1936



DENKSTEIN JENO

BUDAPEST

BASHFUL

CORONET



DENKSTEIN JENO

BUDAPEST

MARIKA

DECEMBER, 1936



EUROPEAN PHOTO

AFTER SCHOOL, THE OLD CITY

CORONET



JOHN W. SHEERES

ELIZABETH, N. J.

AFTERNOON OF A DOLL

DECEMBER, 1936

BLACK BILLY SUNDAY

A SIMPLE SERMON AT THE FUNERAL
DOWN BY THE RIVER ROLLING SLOW



De big black motor cyahs is rollin'—rollin' slow, rollin' slow—by dey buryin' Black Billy in de evenin' time today. In de evenin' time, my brudder, in de evenin' time, my sister . . . rolling' slow . . . rollin' slow . . .

You can hear dem hummin' in de church, singin' low, singin' low. Dey waitin' in de church, patiented quiet in de pews, wid de ladies' fans a-wavin', to an' fro, to an' fro. An' it ain't no band of music, an' it ain't no shoutin' mo'ners, jes' de many a preacher mens an' de many a people waitin', singin' low, singin' low, an' a flag is on de coffin in de big, black, shiny 'hearse cyah . . . rollin' slow . . . rollin' slow . . .

Black Billy Sunday is de name. Not de baptize' name, oh my brudder, oh my sister. Not de name on de big brass sign on de do' of de li'l white house, yallah brass shinin' in de sun, whe' it say de Rev'en' James Gordon McPherson. Jes' de name he have by ev'ybody call him so, de white frien's an' de black frien's. Dey hear him 'zortin' sinners in de bygone time, an' de mens an' de ladies say he de Black Billy Sunday. He de Black Billy Sunday to yet, he de Black Billy Sunday in a white ascension robe, wid a Bible on he breas',

a ol' black Bible in a white-lin' coffin wid a bright gol' cross in a black an' shiny motor cyah a-rollin down de street—

Rollin' slow, rollin' slow!

Black Billy Sunday daid on Good Friday mawnin', he daid on de ve'y same day de Lawd an' Savior daid, de Lawd an' Savior, bless my Jesus, de Savior dat he serve, a sojer fo' de Lawd. He use' to be a sojer fo' my-country-'tis-of-thee, an' he fit de war in Cuby, wid de Negro sojers singin' Hot Time in de Ol' Town while dey's trompin' up de hill, trompin' up de hill, trompin' up de hill. Gun say 'whango, gun say bam, but it never stop de sojers a-trompin' up de hill. Sojer in de yallah fever camp at Siboney. Sojer fo' de Lawd an' Savior, fightin' Satan, trompin' e-vil, bringin' souls up to salvation, leadin' sinners to de Lawd. Now he a daid sojer of de Savior, daid de day when he Cap'm Jesus die, die fo' you an' die fo' me, a-hangin' on de Cross long ago, long ago, an' a flag is on de coffin . . . rollin' slow . . . rollin' slow . . .

Now de cyah have reach' de church, an' dey bears de heavy coffin, to de singin' swellin' louder, an' de Cap'm in de Heav'm lookin' down



"Tears, Miss La Rue! Tears! What you get when you peel onions"

DECEMBER, 1936



*"Just picture a little apartment nestled in the shadow of the Empire
State Building"*

CORONET

upon de sojer dat have fallen in de
 baitle yuh below, yuh below. Vet'rums
 bears it up de church steps, vet'rums
 fit de war in Cuby, an' some is wearin'
 unifawms, an' some got on'y medals
 an' ribbon-things to show how de
 black mens fit to free de Cuby mens,
 an' de singin' swellin' louder, swellin'
 higher when dey rolls it down de
 aisle, wid a flag upon de coffin . . .
 rollin' slow . . . rollin' slow . . .

*Ona hill, fur away, stan' an ol' rugged
 cross,*

De em'lem of suff'rin' an' pain—

De chief co-worker lady a-settin'
 by de pulpit, but she rise when de
 coffin a-wheelin' up de aisle, an' de
 ol' han' trem'le when she raise it to
 salute, salute de sojer of dis yourth
 an' de sojer of de heav'm up yonnuh.
 Now de singin' swell de loudes' an'
 de people stomp de time, stompin'
 like de sojers a-trompin' up de hill,
 stompin' wid dey feets to it shake an'
 shake de church-house, to de church
 a-trem'lin' like de han' of de chief
 co-worker lady 't she raisin' to salute—

I will cling to de ol' rugged Cross,

An' I change it some day fo' a crown.

Black Billy Sunday daid Good Fri-
 day mawnin', an' dey waked him in
 de pa'lor to Easter Sunday pas', dey
 waked him in de pa'lor in de day-
 time, in de nighttime, wid de chief
 co-worker lady a-settin' by de bier,
 dey waked him in de pa'lor while de
 people come an' go, come an' go.
 Now de hush is in de church house
 wid a flag laid on de coffin, vet'rums
 on de right han' side, co-workers on
 de lef'. De singin' an' de stompin' 't
 shake de house is done, by it ain' no
 band of music, an' it ain' no shoutin'
 mo'ners, jes' de many a people

waitin', patiented quiet in de pews,
 wid a special pew up front fo' de
 white frien's, and' de ladies' fans
 a-wavin', to an' fro, to an' fro.

Oh sholy, sholy, sholy! Us is got
 visitors today, white folks come to
 he'p bury de Black Billy Sunday.
 Yonnuh de lady wid de green silk
 dress, she de one de Black Billy Sun-
 day's wife use' to work in her house.
 Yonnuh Mistuh Roark Bradford, he
 writ books 'bout de Black Billy Sun-
 day's preachin's, books 'ey took an'
 made a stage play outen, play wid a
 black Lawd God on High an' black
 Hebrew chillen a-crossin' de wil'er-
 ness to de promise' lan'. Yonnuh de
 repo'ters too, dey writin' pieces fo'
 de papers.

Lissen at what de Rev'en' Binga-
 man sayin' while he lookin' down
 f'om off de pulpit at de flag upon de
 coffin, how we is gwy miss Black
 Billy Sunday, he gone to he reward,
 gone to make repo't to he Cap'm up
 in heav'm so us cain' see him, not
 no mo', not no mo'. Look down, oh
 blessed Jesus, like us is lookin' up
 to you.

Rev'en' Bingaman a-talkin' 'bout
 de sorrowin' fam'ly now—*Thous did-
 dest promise, Blessed Jesus, to be a hus-
 ban' to de widow an' a father to de orphan!*
 —an' he say it ain' been no need fo'
 de sorrowin' fam'ly to write nare
 'bich'ry to read out at de coffin of
 ouah frien', by de white folks press
 has done writ de fines' an' de bes'es'
 'bich'ries 't could be writ, so de
 con'egation lissen at de clippin' out
 de paper, whe' it tell how de Black
 Billy Sunday gi' he life up to de
 Lawd, by he so thankful he been
 saved f'om de Cuby bullets an' de

Cuby fever. It tell how he be made a hones'-to-God preacher by de white folks way out yonnuh in O-re-gon, how he go up de yurth an' down de yurth to preach de gospel lesson to de black folks in de Nawth, black folks in de South, to he daid Good Friday mawnin' in a li'l white house wid a big brass sign by de do', by de do'.

Ain' it so? Ain' it so? Yea, Lawd! It is well! A-men!

An' all de other rev'en's f'om in town, an' outa town, an' downtown, an' backa town, de many dat been waitin', each say a preachin' at de coffin, coffin wid a flag, by dis ain' no common fun'ral, no Lawd, no Lawd, disheer de fun'ral of de Black Billy Sunday.

Rev'en' Bingaman call on Mistuh Roark Bradford to testify 'bout ouah frien'. He stan' up by de coffin—*Ain' it so? Ain' it so?*—an' he say how, like lotsa folks, he don' go to church so much, not him, but when he do, he go to a black folks's church by he fin' it good. He say he don' azackly know de name of what he seekin' to tell, but what he mean is how when Black Billy was a-zortin', something 'd get close to you, an' you likes it, by it make you feel so good.

Tell 'em 'bout it, Mistuh Bradford! Tell 'em 'bout it, son! Praise Jesus!

Yonnuh Bishop Chinn, now. He preach a preachin' too. He say how it ain' no color line fo' character, you is either a good man or either a bad man, an' nemmine studyin' de color of de skin when it come to dat. He say de Lawd God put us all on de yurth fo' a purpose, but de trouble wid de cullud folks is dey is sleepy while de march of time go by, an'

God got no time fo' sleepy folks. He say Black Billy Sunday de kin' of a man 'at wake us up, an' now he gone to de bright lan', de promise lan', de fair lan' us can see by faith is we got a min' to, like Black Billy Sunday try to show, try to show . . .

It a lan' 'at is fai-rer 'n day,

An' by faith us can see it a-far—

An' it mo' preachin' an' mo' tes-ti-mo-ny an' mo' singin', an' dey starts de songs a-hummin', singin' low, singin' low, but de music start to poundin', start to swellin' roun' de coffin, roun' de walls, roun' de plat-fawm whe' de choir a-settin' in dey white, white robes, roun' de vet'rums on de benches, roun' de flo' 'it shake to stompin', mens an' ladies stompin' to de hymn-songs, like sojers when dey trompin' up de hill to fight de foe, fight de foe, stompin' wid dey feets, stompin' to de church house trem-le . . .

Den de sudden hush-up quiet, an' it ain' no crashin' music, an' it ain' no shoutin' mo'ners, an' it ain' no seekers findin' heav'm peace wash free f'om sin, like dey does when ol' Black Billy make 'em converts in he meetin's, preachin' all 'bout how dem dry bones in de valley can rise up once mo' some day. Jes' de sudden hush-up quiet, singin' an' de stompin' stop, an' de mens an' ladies waitin' wid de fans a-wavin' gentle, to an' fro, to an' fro, to de nex' song comes a-rollin', startin' easy, hummin' low . . .

Now de vet'rums riz again, linin' up beside de bier, whe' de flag is on de coffin an' dey rolls it up de aisle, bears de body of Black Billy in he white ascension robe, to de do'-way

while de people hummin' easy, singin'
low, bears it in de evenin' sunshine,
whe' de big black cyah a-waitin'.
Now it rollin' 'cross de city . . .
rollin' slow . . . rollin' slow . . .

It don't seek no common graveya'd.
Disheer cem'try's down de river whe'
you got to be a vet'rum, at de place
whe' Gen'ral Jackson fit de British
long ago, long ago. 'Cross de city,
rollin' slow, to de Chalmette bury'
groun', whe' de great big oak trees
at, an' de monniment a-p'intin' up
to heav'm, bless de Name. On'y
sojers buried yonnuh, an' Black Billy
Sunday, daid on 'is Good Friday
mawnin', fit to free de Cuby mens,
fit ol' Satan fo' Cap'm Jesus too.
Evenin' sun a-settin' slow, yonnuh
off behin' de levee . . .

Well? It is well!

Yea, sister. We all is got to pay some day.

All we is got to do, we is got to git

*right wid de Man up above . . . up
yonnuh . . . well . . . It is well!*

De grave is done, my brudder, my
sister. De flag been put away, de
coffin out'n sight.

*. . . a husban' to de widow, an' a
father to de orphan chile . . .*

Way off, way pas' de tall, white
monniment 't all de time p'intin' to
heav'm, Webster St. Smith, de bugle
man fo' de vet'rum, blowin' he bugle
now, an' de bugle say taps, say it
sweet . . . say it slow . . .

De li'l evenin' win' stir de moss in
de spreadin' oak tree an' rustle at de
leaves, an' a big boat passin' down
de river. De bugle say:

"Go—to—sleep! Go—to—sleep!"

Yonnuh side de levee, out de shad-
ow, in de sunlight, is de river . . .
rollin', rollin' . . . to de ocean . . .
rollin' slow . . . rollin' slow . . .

—HERMANN B. DEUTSCH

THE DIME

The man who gave you the dime,

Billy, is Mr. Rockefeller.

It meant nothing to him.

Probably he's already forgotten
about it.

How rich is he?

Richer than the king of England.

How rich is the King of England?

Less rich than Rockefeller.

They could both give you a dime a
day.

They wouldn't even notice the
difference.

No. The King never walks down this
street.

—O. S. M.



DECEMBER, 1936

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

II. IEFNO FILIPPOVICH AZEFF, THE
JANUS OF OLD RUSSIA'S TERRORISTS



The two hour automobile ride over the rick-rackety road from Moscow to Mikhailovsky leaves the unhappy traveler with the uneven sensation of having ridden all the way on a spirited kangaroo. But upon reaching the destination, the former estate of Prince Sheremetiev welcomes the newcomer with the peaceful sight of a wooded nook beyond the city noise.

The estate is now a quiet retreat where about a hundred elderly men and women dream away their remaining years in the sunset of their lives. Their gentle faces, mild demeanors and sweet conviviality bespeak a model institution of its kind. And indeed it is.

It is a rest home for aged bomb throwers, anarchists, terrorists and political assassins now retired and pensioned by the Soviet Government.

This phase of social security comes under the auspices of the "Society of Former Political Prisoners." Eligibility to membership in the Society is based upon proof of at least one legitimate prison term served under the Czar for revolutionary activities. The qualifications of the present membership if placed end to end would reach a grand total of over sixteen thousand years spent in chains and solitary confinement.

But the one character, who as a terrorist rendered more valiant services perhaps than any of his colleagues in the rest home, is in the picture only as a bitter memory. Ievno Filippovich Azeff, in any event, would not have been eligible to the Mikhailovsky retreat for he lacked the technical requirement of a prison sentence in Russia. The most he could offer was an extra-territorial jail term in Germany which was altogether out of bounds and therefore did not count.

Azeff is among the blessed few who have, fully and effectively, rounded out a twofold career based upon conflicting principles. For almost a decade he was the dynamic force behind organized political terrorism in Imperial Russia which blotted out, literally, various high officials of the government with astonishing precision and regularity. Czar Nicholas II and his ministers, despite all their possible precautions, came to live in the constant apprehension that their lives hung by a thread. At the mere recollection of their suddenly departed friends they were habitually seized with spasmodic attacks of visceral tremors. This repeated skimming of the cream of government officials with deft and deadly technique, would,

in itself, have sufficed to immortalize the name of Azeff as the luminary of the Social Revolutionary Party.

The grim reward of most terrorists is imprisonment, exile or death. But Azeff did not share any such trials and for a rather unusual reason. For while he was the main spring of the terrorist machine which sought to annihilate the government, he was at the very same time the most valuable man in the Ochrana, the Russian Secret Police, in uprooting the terrorist menace.

But his superlative achievement consisted in the fact that he fully succeeded in playing his double stellar role without either of the two groups suspecting that he was also allied with the other. It would be difficult to say upon which side he bestowed the more honor or inflicted the greater damage. The name of Azeff will long live as a synonym for peerless and incomparable double crossing.

In his early days in Russia (he was then merely twenty) his carelessness in handling other people's money made it necessary for him to leave the country temporarily and go to Germany. He was wanted for embezzlement. In this new environment his youthful enthusiasm spurred him into taking up some scientific studies for which he enrolled in the Karlsruhe Polytechnique, which many of his compatriots attended. It was a live group which he joined, steeped in radical ideas and with a definite program to end the despotic regime in their mother country.

All went well with Azeff until his stolen funds gave out. Then in an effort to work his way through col-

lege, he thought of an agreeable method of earning additional funds. He offered his services to the Ochrana, the Russian Secret Police, as a spy in this particular revolutionary student center, an appointment which he soon received bearing an honorarium of fifty rubles (\$25) per month, the amount for which he himself had modestly bargained.

His college education was now well taken care of. His favorite subject became chemistry, for the combination of innocent compounds into sophisticated explosives thrilled and fascinated him. Once his school days ended he returned to Russia where the police welcomed him with a promotion and a larger salary for the good work he had done abroad among his fellow students. But this did not mean that he had severed relations with his revolutionary comrades. As a matter of fact his efforts as one of them were intensified to such an extent that it seemed logical that he become one of the prime movers in merging the various independent terrorist groups in his own country into one society for organized violence—the well-remembered Social Revolutionary Party.

Azeff now had his hands full. And with the far-sightedness of the born executive, he envisaged the possibility of developing his spying activities into a sound and well regulated business. "The greater the activity of the revolutionaries," he mused, "the greater my value to the police." In other words: the thicker the plotting the better the squealing. So Azeff embarked upon a lively promotion campaign for bigger and better business.

It was an ideal setup for he could play both hands at the same time. On the one hand he made the plots for the terrorists and on the other he betrayed them to the police.

At the very next meeting of the revolutionaries Azeff, to the exhilaration of his confrères, began by laying down a barrage of new and luminous plans in violation of the law for immediate use. It is necessary to mention only a few which were actually carried out: a substantial shipment of attractive refrigerators of foreign make, which cleverly concealed the latest run of inflammatory propaganda; a load of salt herrings in barrels with false bottoms which were carefully packed with all the necessary ingredients for the manufacture of explosives; and best of all, a regular funeral procession across the border, with a priest, mourners and all the trimmings, which piously camouflaged a young arsenal of firearms in place of the missing mortal remains in the coffin.

Yet all this rare ingenuity was predestined to go to waste, for no sooner did these various expeditions get under way than Azeff punctually revealed their purpose to the police. But to his fellow plotters he grieved and repined in bitter disappointment for their troublesome labor lost. At the same time, the police protected Azeff's position with the revolutionaries by giving out ingenious explanations as to the source of their information. In the case of the herring barrels for instance, all seemed accidental. They arrested the innocent manager of the shipping company which had transported them, upon some trumped up charge and then upon searching

the premises, pretended to discover, to their amazement, that the salt herrings were accompanied by concealed containers filled with a dainty dressing of nitro-glycerin.

All this preparation was good enough in its way but promised nothing more than a boring sequence of colorless and fruitless transgressions. This outlook was most distasteful to the restless Azeff and only an honest to goodness assassination would satisfy him now. On general principles there were quite a number of important officials who needed killing badly. But the selection of the first candidate was not as simple a matter as one might take it, as certain minor details had to be ironed out. First, it was necessary to decide who was the biggest rat available. There was the Grand Duke Sergei, uncle and personal advisor of the Czar; then there was Konstantine Pobyedonostzev, the Procurator of the Holy Synod—he was a good one; there was also Kleygels, Governor General of St. Petersburg and finally, of course, there was always Dimitri Sergeivich Sipyagin, Minister of the Interior and Azeff's Big Boss in the government. All first class names, they stood out boldly on the preferred list, and when submitted to the discretion of the executive committee of the party, Sipyagin polled most votes after an exciting contest. He had plenty coming to him too. During the short space of thirty months in office he broke several all time records for bloody cruelty and despotic brutality, callously sparing none. 60,000 men and women he imprisoned or marched to the endless wastes of Siberia for trifling political offenses. In between

he found time to gag the press, exile the late Maxim Gorky and deprive Leo Tolstoy of the use of telegraphic communication.

The assassination was carried out very neatly. One of Azeff's men in the guise of the aid-de-camp of the Grand Duke Sergei, called upon Sipyagin and handed him a sealed envelope containing his sentence of death by the terrorists. A muzzle of a revolver was pressed against his chest and the Czar was ready to appoint a new Minister of the Interior. The man with the gun was caught and hanged, but he went to his expected doom with no regrets, for his deed was accomplished and his life was a small thing to give to the cause.

With Sipyagin out of the way and with rosy prospects looming ahead, cash contributions and enthusiastic volunteers of both sexes streamed into the newly christened Battle Organization of the party and immediately caught the shrewd eye of Azeff. Here was a nifty haul ready for the bagging, to which he turned his immediate attention. His sincere interest in the financial surplus in the party funds came to be adequately rewarded and soon he became the new chief of the Battle Organization. The post carried with it the complete control of the cash resources of the party amounting to many thousands. The opportunities here were infinitely greater than with the less progressive police, so it was their turn now to come in for a good old-fashioned double crossing. He kept them satisfied with an abundance of information about small-fry agitators, while the big deals which he was in the process of hatching for the terror-

ists he kept under his hat. He wanted to make good with the boys and they, in turn, anticipated of him something exceptionally worthwhile.

In the other camp, in the Czar's close circle, excitement ran high over the choice of the new official who would fill Sipyagin's empty boots and who would not be so susceptible to lead poisoning. Czar Nicholas II was a wizard when it came to making wise decisions. "If Sipyagin wasn't good enough for those wretches," he declared with finality, "I'll give them someone they will like. If before they were lashed with whips, now they will be scourged with scorpions."

The very next day Viatcheslaf Konstantinovich Plehve was hailed as the new Minister of the Interior.

From the very start he ran the whole show single-handed, to say nothing of all the side shows and the ever accommodating Nicholas himself. Such was his destructive genius that within a short time he was in a class all by himself as the most violently hated monster in all the Russias. And fifty million subjects could not be wrong. Lithuanians and Poles, Georgians and Jews, Armenians and Finns, alike underwent wholesale whippings, hangings, massacres and pogroms for the greater glory of the loyal servant of the Little Father, his Czar. But the violence which radiated from Plehve could only breed in the people in turn more and greater violence.

While Plehve was making himself indispensable to the Czar Azeff became exceptionally zealous in keeping a close watch over him, and for two good reasons. First, because it pro-

vided Plehve with a definite feeling of security against possible assassination, and second, because it enabled Azeff to plan the very assassination from which Plehve expected Azeff to protect him. In other words, Plehve was as good as dead.

This time, however, Azeff had elaborate plans to bring about the liquidation of Plehve, and insisted upon personally supervising every necessary detail.

He picked a half dozen of his most skilled operators for the job. The students Pokotiloff and Kalyaev disguised as peddlers, Sazanov and Matzeyevsky as coachmen and two women as kibitzers and busybodies, he turned loose in the streets of St. Petersburg to check the movements of Plehve. This was necessary because cornering Plehve in his home, where his overmanned garrison of guards swarmed about him was ruled out as impractical; then right out in the street was the place. It was known to Azeff that Plehve reported regularly to the Czar and once his agents brought in the additional information—the exact route, time and the sharper corners where traffic slowed down, Azeff would be ready to let him have it.

The student Pokotiloff in his inconspicuous disguise as a tobacco peddler took to his task with exceptional earnestness. He was at his best in feigning idiotic curiosity but yet he ran into all sorts of snags. He would walk up innocently to a policeman standing on duty near Plehve's palace, lift his hat from his shaggy head, bow grotesquely and say:

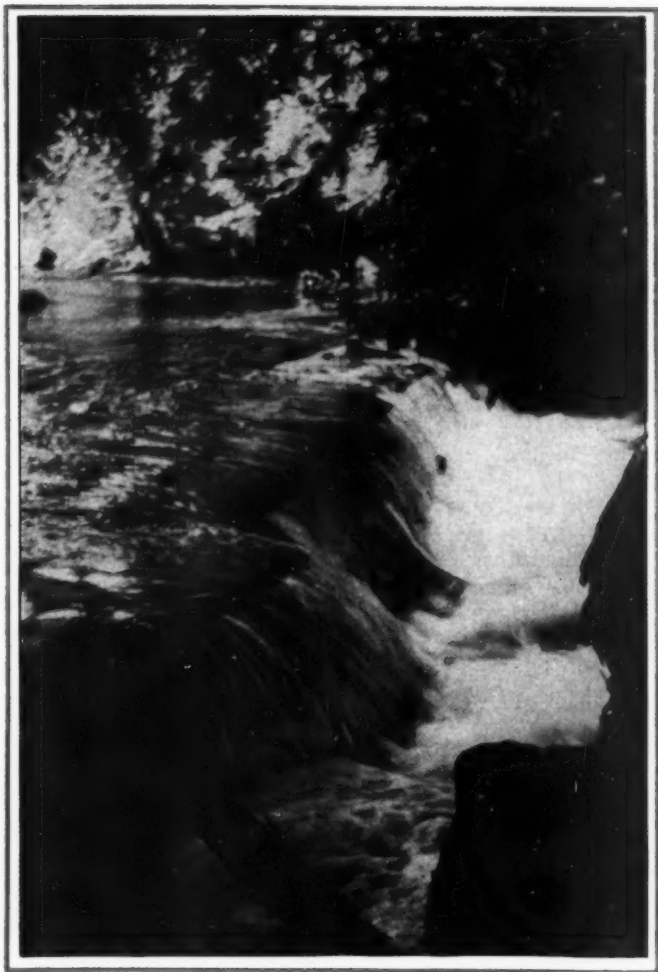
"Your honor, may I ask, is this a church? ... A mass for the Czar? ..."

The policeman, judging him witless hence harmless, lets him loiter until he learns the accustomed hour of Plehve's departure.

Preparations completed the Battle Organization was now ready for Mr. Plehve. But something unusual and irregular took place and the scheduled assassination had to be postponed. Azeff found out that a small band of free lance terrorists from out of town had sneaked into St. Petersburg for the very same purpose of doing away with Plehve. From Azeff's point of view this was most unethical for it was a downright case of muscling in on his exclusive territory. Besides if they nailed Plehve, Azeff's position with the Battle Organization would be placed in jeopardy. He had to drop everything else and focus upon getting rid of the unexpected visitors, so he simply denounced them to the police with the added warning that with such irresponsible out-of-town radicals hanging about, he wouldn't give two kopeks for Plehve's life.

But in helping the police, Azeff suffered at least one inconvenience. Plehve now changed his routes and the research work of the terrorists had to be done all over again.

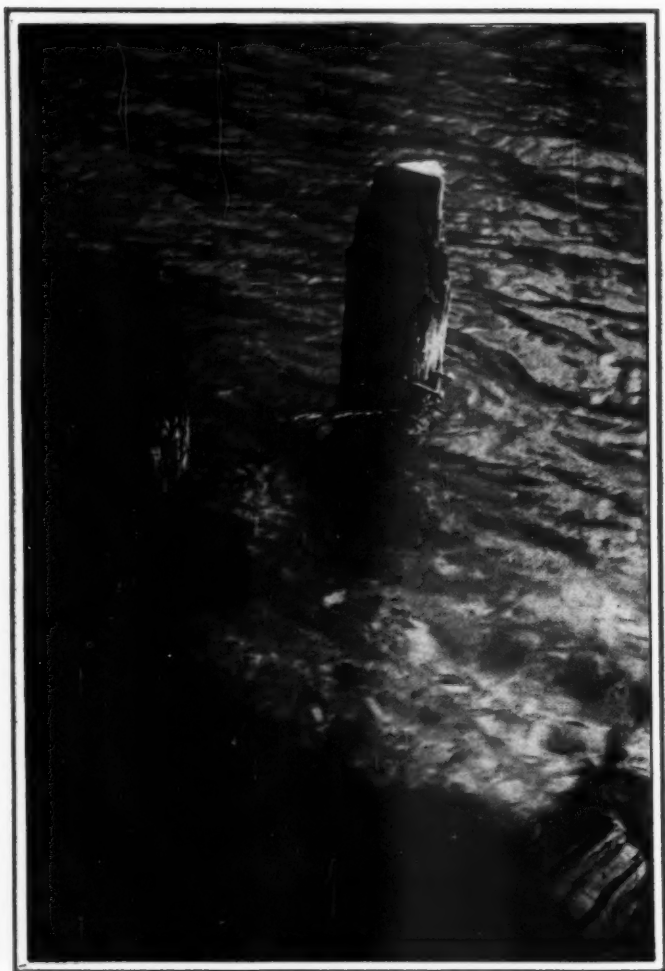
The field workers on the Plehve case, in accordance with their usual precautions, met to confer upon their plans in places where they could openly see whoever might be around, and yet themselves remain unnoticed. They met in cheap restaurants, dance pavilions, and bath houses. For special meetings they repaired to the zoo, and once they even got together in the cemetery of the Alexandro-Nevsky monastery, at the grave of Tschaikowsky.



FALLS IN A FOREST PRIMAЕVAL

The distance of four city blocks in from the road, in over carpets of brown pine needles, red where the sun strikes them, under tall evergreens and oaks, virgin timber, and then the falls, with its water rust colored from the iron in the ground. Menominee Falls, Wis.

DECEMBER, 1936



BY THE WATERS OF TOMAHAWK

Deep water, so clean and clear that it seems to lack the capacity to reflect any colors. A rock gives the only color in the foreground, then bluish tints as the water deepens, darkening with the increasing depths until it's almost black. Tomahawk Lake, below Woodruff, Wis.

CORONET

And in such ways, slowly and painstakingly, they carried on their macabre routine. At length they perfected their plan to the minutest detail.

Plehve's Waterloo was fixed for the 28th of July, 1904. Everything appeared to be in perfect working order. Azeff directed that his picked men, one in the overalls of a laborer, a second in the uniform of a railroad employee, a third in the white smock of a marble cutter and a fourth in shabby civilian clothes, each carrying a bomb, should slowly move up Izmailowsky Prospect in single file, several yards apart, towards Plehve's carriage. The first man was to let the carriage pass, the second was the man to toss the bomb; if he missed, the third was to unload his; and the fourth in turn. In the extreme case that these efforts turned out to be foul balls, and in the event Plehve reversed his course to run back, the first man then was to take a pot shot at him with his bomb.

Once he delivered his final instructions, Azeff drew them close to him, and embraced and kissed each on both cheeks.

"And remember," he cautioned, "if there isn't a traitor among us, Plehve will be dead tomorrow."

It was a beautiful summer day. As the appointed hour neared for Plehve to make his daily call upon the Czar, his carriage appeared upon the scene with clock-like precision. As if the entire procedure had been carefully rehearsed, the horses checked their speed to pass a slowly moving cart and swerved towards the second man. Quickly he stepped off the sidewalk and ran towards the vehicle.

Plehve saw him coming and shrank

into the far corner of the carriage. An ear-bursting detonation shook the air. The resulting picture was rather disappointing for not a trace was left of Plehve's anatomy. It was therefore only the exactness of the good reporter which prompted the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Matin" of Paris to begin his dispatch relating the event as follows:

"Count Viatcheslaf Konstantinovich de Plehve, Minister of the Interior of His Imperial Majesty, Czar Nicholas II, Commandant de la Legion d'Honneur, Knight of the Order of the White Eagle, Knight of the Order of the Red Eagle, Knight of the Order of the Black Eagle, Knight of the Order of St. Andrew, Knight of the Order of St. Stephen, Knight of the First and Second Class of the Order of St. Vladimir, Knight of the Second Class of the Order of St. Stanislaus, Knight of the Third Class of the Order of St. Anna, has evaporated."

The Battle Organization had now earned for itself the well-deserved respect of all classes in Russia. As to the chief, Ievno Filippovich Azeff, he was looked upon by his now worshipful followers as a combination Napoleon, Caesar and Stenka Razin. In their eyes he could do no wrong. He too was well satisfied with the general outcome of his last operation for once again he had performed the commendable feat of straddling his two spritely stallions simultaneously. Yet with all the bouquets and salvos with which the terrorists saluted him he betook himself to his police superiors and lamented with them over the untimely passing of their all-powerful

chief, Plehve.

"Had you taken my advice," he scolded them, "this would have never happened. I warned you in advance, often enough. I knew it was going to happen. Didn't I tell you so?"

And the poor police officials dejectedly nodded in approval and resolutely swore that such a disgrace would never befall them again—never, never again.

But business is business and Azeff could ill afford to let personal sentimentality stand in the way of increasing production. As a matter of seniority the next candidate in line to be rubbed out was the Grand Duke Sergei Alexandrovich, Governor General of Moscow, Czar Nicholas' uncle and personal advisor, and the late Plehve's olidous partner. Now that the technique and teamwork of Azeff's death squadron had attained a high degree of perfection, the business of atomizing Sergei was a mere matter of routine. However, a few regrettable delays had to be borne patiently. The faithful Azeff saw to it that the Grand Duke was advised to change his residence at frequent intervals to avoid the Evil Eye and its malignant charms. But it was all to no avail, for the last time he moved, he moved leaving no forwarding address.

With the assassination of Sergei a scapegoat had to be found by the Czar, so a general shakeup of the Ochrana followed in which confusion, turmoil and disorder mixed into a chaotic imbroglio. Police Chief Lopukhin resigned but Azeff continued to rise in the department.

Azeff's simultaneous betrayals of

police and terrorists now multiplied with ever-increasing rapidity, and were rewarded with ever-mounting glory from both sides. But in time, the invisible and intricate web which Azeff had so diligently spun over the course of years was destined to become visible at least to one man, who, ironically enough, was identified neither with the terrorists nor with the police. It was a quiet, reserved, scholarly editor of the Russian historical revue "Byloye", Vladimir Burtzeff, himself a member of the Social Revolutionary Party, who by careful logical and methodical analysis arrived, after a process of elimination, at what was to him a most unbelievable and appalling deduction—that there was an arch traitor among the trusted leaders of the Battle Organization and that this man was no other than Ievno Filippovich Azeff.

Burtzeff had been faced with the frightening realization that welcome as the assassinations of these oppressors had been the price paid for them in the long run by the Battle Organization was utterly out of proportion to the returns and nothing but a veritable carnage. Too many members of the party had been either imprisoned or executed summarily without any plausible explanation. With this in mind Burtzeff was determined to solve the enigma and concentrated upon the flimsy clues at hand. The first he had learned casually from an agent of the Ochrana—that there was an important spy among the terrorists, one Raskin, who continually brought to the police a steady stream of inside information most devastating to the Battle Organization. On

the other hand Burtzeff knew that one of the most dynamic leaders of the Battle Organization was a certain Valentine. Next he learned that at Ochrana headquarters there was a complete record of the activities of every outstanding leader of the Battle Organization. Only Valentine had none.

But every terrorist, as a means of protection, was known to his associates under an assumed name. Editor Burtzeff, having known Valentine for many years, was aware that his real name was Ievno Filippovich Azeff. So, he concluded, if Azeff as Valentine had no record with the police, he must have some unusual connection with them. The thought persisted. And if Azeff then had such protection, he deducted, he could easily be a police spy. Burtzeff felt that he was nearing the solution. A police spy in the terrorist camp could only be this Raskin he had been told about. Therefore, Raskin, Valentine, Azeff must all be the same person.

When the mask was torn from Azeff's face the whole of Russia was aghast. It was probably the only time in history when the Czarist Government and the terrorists could weep upon each other's shoulders in mutual sympathy. Since a most trusted

agent of the Ochrana had brought about the destruction of high state officials as well as a member of the Czar's own immediate family, the government was at sea for it felt that no one could possibly be trusted any longer. As for the Battle Organization the shock of their leader's betrayal caused them literally to collapse and disintegrate. And just prior to his exposure, strange as it may seem, Azeff with the vision of the topnotch executive had thoughtfully left St. Petersburg for a needed vacation in Paris, a goodly 2000 miles across the continent, where he could relax and dismiss all business cares from his mind.

Nine years later in Berlin, on the 24th of April, 1918, Azeff peacefully passed on; like a gentleman, in bed.

Today in the placid rest home for aged terrorists and bomb throwers upon the former estate of Prince Sheremetiev, the bent and frail figures stroll through the lanes serenely, their voices trembling with sweet reminiscences of a dim and remote past.

"If Azeff had only been faithful to us," they reflect sadly, "if Azeff had not betrayed us, we would have done even greater things. We would have killed the Czar himself."

—EMIL LANG

STOCK MARKET (LESSON II)

One of the favorite methods is known as selling short, and here is the way it works. I get stock from somebody who promised to deliver it at a lower price. This means that if the stock goes down I will benefit by the lower price being relatively higher

than it would have been if the stock goes up and I had promised to deliver it because the margin is accordingly in favor of—well, I guess there aren't so many people selling stocks short these days anyhow. I never did approve of it.

—S. S.

TAKING THE FALLS

*IT'S NOT THE WAY TO WIN MATCHES
BUT IT'S THE WAY TO MAKE MONEY*



Call it a rotten racket: nobody in the know will deny it. Maybe you've noticed that the piece of meat that smells the worst draws the most flies. Wise guys since the days of Hackenschmidt and Gotch have said that the barrel-neck industry is in the sack. Sports writers have "exposed" it. Maybe nine-tenths of the suckers who swap ducats for pasteboard really believe the fights and flops are faked. But they keep coming.

At sixteen I butted through the ring ropes. So back to the beginning, then.

Nobody's face in the dressing room but my own in the mirror. A pile of old theatrical costumes in a corner, maybe half a dozen broken-backed chairs, and battered stage sets leaning against the brick walls. The "Exit" sign was the most welcome piece of furniture in the place. I found myself standing there gripping my bundle of clothes in a head-lock. After awhile the others showed up. Six of us muscle-heads, in all. They watched me as I peeled to my hide and got into my tights. New tights, they were, the best that money could buy and the crease still in them.

They began to kid me, and I felt better. Kid an Irishman and he'll sink a battleship. One old timer

called me aside. He squinted and blinked at me; advised me to get out of the game and stay out. Bad for the eyes, he said, and pointed at his own. I laughed at him.

Stocky Bone, my opponent, kidded me, and I slapped it right back. I was strong, knew I was strong, and was ready to take him on right there in the dressing room.

I'm telling you I would have bet my new green bathrobe that I'd have him staring up at the roof in five minutes. Then in came the promoter, a nickel cigar jutting out of his face. His eyes slanted over the others and lit on me. He called Stocky Bone and me aside.

"Now get this," he said. He reached up and tapped my chest. "You take it easy. Don't work too fast. Make it look real, but in ten or twelve minutes you roll over and take the fall."

Maybe I looked blank—I felt it! I couldn't read the answer on his map, and looked at Stocky Bone. As near as his features meant anything, the ex-pug was smiling. He nodded. I looked back at the little gent. "What d'you mean?" I asked.

"Just what I said. In twelve minutes you let him flop you."

Brother, I saw orange, which to an Irishman is like red to a bull. "The hell you say," says I. "How do you get that way?"

We had an argument. Everybody seemed to be right but me. All hands joined with the promoter. I couldn't see it. Of course I had heard about matches being in the bag, but I never quite believed all of them were—even the preliminaries. There I was, with my gang out there at the ringside, waiting to see me lay this piece of linoleum. Why should I sell out? Not by a damned sight! My first match? And for six months I'd been steaming myself, whipping myself into shape for this chance? Yeah—a chance to roll over and play dead!

Finally the promoter shrugged, shoved his cigar into the other end of his mouth and said, "All right. Climb into your clothes and get the hell out of here."

"Come on, kid," urged Stocky Bone. "Be a sport. I'll do the same for you the next time." But I wouldn't listen. I shifted and got around to ringside just as the promoter crawled through the ropes. I was so mad my teeth chattered, and I was collecting words to tell the old man what had happened when the promoter shouted an announcement that made me even madder. He pointed to Stocky Bone hunched in his corner. Then he told the customers that Red Reilly had backed out at the last minute, and had refused to go through with the match. He was sorry—but.

I grabbed the ropes, and yanked myself into the ring. My gang was there, understand? I began where the promoter left off, told the cus-

tomers it was a damned lie, and said I was ready to take on Stocky Bone right then, street clothes and all.

The crowd liked it—and Stocky Bone got the boos while I took the cheers. The promoter was a quick thinker, and when he could be heard said that the difference in weights had been so great he had not dared to let me, a green kid, go in against an experienced wrestler like Stocky Bone. He edged his way out of it, like a skunk gets out of a trap. As for me, I was judged ripe for the "shooters."

What's a "shooter?" He's a good, tough egg who is paid by promoters to twist blue-eyed kids like me into stuffed dolls they use at puppet shows—so we'll dance when strings are pulled. They're called "policemen," too. Sure they have laws in the muscle-head business; laws and lawyers and policemen. Hell, a guy can't be crooked, can he, if there aren't any laws to break? So I was an outlaw before I was a wrestler. The shooter they sicced on me was Carlo Pluto, a good man yet. They framed me by getting a friend to invite me down to the gym to work out in exhibition. I fell for it, especially when I saw the big shot promoters hanging around the ropes. It was a chance to show what I could do and maybe they'd sign me up for another bout.

But instead of my friend coming through the ropes, in crawls this Carlo Pluto. Maybe my eyes flickered—but probably I felt flattered that they were letting me do my stuff against a good man. Carlo was good, in those days—strong, clever, and built like a brick chimney. He

didn't look me in the eye, and that should have warned me. As soon as he went to work on me, I knew I was in for a shellacking. I tried to shove him away, but he wouldn't stay. We went to the mat and he was all over me. He put his knees in my ribs and gave me the rabbit punch. He got a hammer-lock that made me sweat blood. If I hadn't been fresh and in good condition he would have thrown my shoulder out, but I managed to roll free. Then he swung around front and slapped on a head-lock. Don't let anybody tell you a head-lock can't hurt when it is applied right and the guy means it. Carlo meant it, and pretty soon my eyeballs began to feel as if they would pop out like grapes, I wanted to quit, but didn't dare.

It was so quiet in the gym I could hear them breathe. Promoters yawn at the 'phonies they rig up for the customers—but when a real scrap is behind locked doors at the gym they sit on the edge of their chairs like nervous old ladies.

I got mine from Pluto that day. For a week my neck was so lame it hurt to wear a hat. In the dressing room Carlo said, "Sorry, kid, but I had orders."

About then I began to wonder. I wasn't sore at the game; I still believed in Santa Claus. In some way I could break into it right, and wrestle on the level. Or so I thought. I put my troubles up to Joe Kedwitz, who used to be good. "You're in wrong," he said. "You didn't play ball. Why don't you go up in the woods for awhile. Work hard. Hook up with a carnival. Meet all comers—

that's good experience. Then go on to New York and begin over again—and do as you're told."

I followed Joe's advice about a carnival. I hear that three or four other outlaws were with one of these wheeled rackets in Jersey, and I hunted them up. Carlo Pluto was one of them.

The other outlaws took me on as "outside" man. I was to keep away from the carnival, come into town at a different time, and put up at a cheap hotel. The second night of the carnival I would swagger up to the ring, wearing a Columbia sweater. I've forgotten where I found it, and only my Irish luck kept me from being shown up. Anyway, a few years later I did work as assistant wrestling instructor at Columbia, so I squared accounts.

I used to stand at the outer edge of the crowd, no hat on my red head, and arms folded across my chest. Maybe I did look like Alma Mater's boy. After awhile somebody noticed me. If they didn't, I stepped on their toes, apologized, and pretty soon they would look me over. Then when Pluto or some other guy challenged the crowd, one of the hicks would nudge me, "Go on up there, big boy."

When I went through the ropes the crowd was with me. I'd win the fall and become the village hero. I was challenged for a return match to be held on the last night of the carnival, and for the rest of the week that bout was "built" up.

On Saturday night, while the crowd milled around the ring, our "shills," or "sticks," worked among the natives and picked up bets. And

of course I'd win or lose, that night, depending upon the odds these "shills" were able to get.

When I had a little dough in my jeans, I went on to New York, and hung around the promoters' offices looking for work. Work came hard. The biggest promoters had been tipped off that I was an outlaw, and they turned thumbs down on me.

A guy gets ambitions in New York—and loses 'em.

Money leaks, there, too—I discovered, and it wasn't many weeks before I had just enough to buy me coffee and sinkers for another week. I hitched up my belt. Matchmaker Billy Bee ran across me in a hash-house eating my last doughnut.

So the next morning Billy Bee took me to see Heifer, who wears a horn between his eyes that weighs four pounds, and slicks down his hair like a Russian piano player. Heifer and Bee went to work on me. Says Heifer, "Vat would you do, I esk, if you vere the best man in de void, and yet for voik you can't get notting?" I remembered my coffee and sinker diet, hitched up my belt, and began to think. It was going to be a damned cold winter, too. Finally I tossed in the towel. Heifer pawed the air with his fins. "Goot, goot, goot," he says. "Nu ve talk business. Nu you vill lose matches—but make money."

They cooked up a new name for me—"Harlem Johnny Allen," ex-Columbia football player. Well, I went to work. In eight weeks I wrestled every night but Sunday in the Harlem, in Brooklyn, uptown and in Jersey City. Some nights I worked three places, starting off in Brooklyn, taking

the subway uptown to 125th Street, and then jumping across to Jersey. At the end of eight weeks I had salted away twelve hundred bucks—which wasn't so bad for a kid. But in that time I didn't win a damned match! You see I had learned to "take the falls," and the shekels.

Sure, you're right, not all the stuff shoved into a suitcase stays put. Bags leak, and once in a green moon a bout slips through. Sometimes, even, the best guy wins. Maybe the customers have doped it out that way. Maybe they figure it's worth time and money to sit on fifty rehearsed acts during the season just to be among those present when plans go hay-wire once. Maybe. Poor business, it seems to me. But I've seen plenty so-called business men at ring-side who wouldn't buy a necktie unless okeyed by their Better Business Bureau.

But about these bouts that slip through a hole in the sack. And matches where one man double-X's the other. They happen, but are as hard to prove as to show actual evidence that most of the bouts are bagged, wrapped and delivered before the huskies go into the ring. The tin-ears in the game know, and sometimes they talk.

Take the case of the match between Tuna (which obviously isn't his name) and the Frenchman. It was fixed in the dressing room that the Frenchman should win the first fall, to please his followers, and Tuna would take the next two.

The initial toss went off by the clock. While they were taking up the slack in the dressing room before the second round, the Frenchman's han-

dlar shot a dose of "coke" into his arm and bit into the flesh, under the shoulder where it wouldn't show. Tuna was snoozing for once and didn't catch on.

They went back into the ring and pretty soon the Frenchman snapped a head-lock on the old man. The crowd cheered. The Frenchman finally loosened his hold, and Tuna turned his head, twisting to get out. Suddenly the Frenchman let out a shriek like a locomotive whistle! He jumped up, lifted his arm, and there were the teeth marks for all the customers to look at! The Frenchman was given the second fall on a foul, winning the match and the title.

When they returned to the dressing room, they tell me, Tuna gave the Frenchman a lesson in wrestling that would have been worth the price of a dozen tickets, but the title was back in trust.

And there are cases where a muscle-head has a rare moment of thinking for himself, and gets mad. Anything is apt to happen, then, but he doesn't often think. Some years ago, when Stecker was champ, John Pesek nearly broke his arm. And Young Zybyzco, not the old man, had a funny way of tying his opponent's arm into a pretzel if he saw a good-looking skirt at the ringside. Why? I don't know.

Did I say that the customers couldn't be driven away from the box office even if they believed everything was stowed in the burlap? I'll take it back. A town in Florida was knocked off the wrestling map a couple or three seasons ago when the fans were wised up and stayed wise. A local boy was being built up to the

skies. He was drawing big houses, even if he was only a middleweight. Finally he was matched with Bat Hokum, who was then title-holder in that class. It was rigged that the title should change hands for awhile. Bat agreed to the proposition for a certain amount of cash. Probably he didn't get it, for he tossed the local boy on his ear.

The kid got up, mad and trembling like a buck deer. He turned to the audience and shouted, "I've done all I can to help build up wrestling in this town. Tonight I was supposed to win. I was double-crossed. But Hokum can beat me tonight, tomorrow night—and the next night, whenever he wants. And I want you to know that this match was a fake. All the past matches were fakes."

And since then that place has been a poor town for promoters.

Herè's another, a yarn about Demeter Xenophon, that was swapped around in the trade some time ago. He still claws nails when anybody mentions it. Dem and another Greek were down South, where wrestling mud is like river water. I've forgotten who Dem was matched with, but some setup he could have laid like a sidewalk. The day of the match Dem's friend came busting in on him at the hotel and said he'd found a sucker who was willing to bet twelve grand that Xenophon would lose. Here was a chance to make a fair profit without working for it, and Xenophon put up the money.

Xenophon won the match and went looking for his countryman. Maybe that bird had left for some other city in Greece; he wasn't to be found.



GOODBYE WISCONSIN SUMMER

The trees turn early in Wisconsin, and unevenly, in patches, as people's heads turn gray. This sugar maple was in flame by Labor Day, the red coming out of the green in a blaze of glory. Not a very seasonable picture, perhaps, but beauty is not bound by seasons.

DECEMBER, 1936



"What did you wish to see him about?"

CORONET

Xenophon howled and headed for police headquarters. According to the yarn, Dem's friend had already fixed the chief, and when Xenophon busted in he was introduced to the back side of the bars, charged with gambling. That scared Dem and he cooled off. Finally they let him go. Some months later Xenophon came across his Greek friend in another town in the same state. He grabbed him and started to shake him loose from his gizzard and the twelve grand. His friend swore by all the Greek gods he didn't have the money. The stake-holder had run off with it, he said, and if Dem would let up he thought he could find him.

Dem stayed around a few days and one morning his friend came back with the news that the stake-holder had been located. He said he had made arrangements to put this Syrian on the spot. At a certain time he would be driving off into the country. The Greek suggested that Dem get a rope. They would follow the Syrian, catch up to him, haul him up and drain the twelve grand out of his pockets or his hide.

Dem was willing, and came out with a clothes line. His friend made the sign of the Greek cross. "A rope!" he said. "That string won't hold him." So Xenophon hunted up a piece of hemp big enough to moor a steamboat.

They drive into the country, and sure enough caught up with the Syrian just as he was getting out of his car and heading up a mountain trail. Dem and his friend started after him. The Syrian kept ahead, and pretty soon came to a sawmill. He banged on the door of a shack and out came

three or four mountaineers, toting long-muzzled shotguns. The Syrian wept like a kid and begged to be saved. The men behind him, he said, were going to hang him. And it looked that way, with Xenophon dragging the rope in the open. The loggers pointed their guns at Xenophon and threatened to march him back to jail, where he'd get at least life for attempted murder. Dem did some of his quick thinking then, and forked over twenty-five hundred smackers for the privilege of going back to his car.

But the most curious upset I've ever known was down in Florida. It was a one-fall match, and both men had had good reputations. As it turned out, each man bet on the other to win, both figuring it a chance to make some easy coin by taking the fall. Naturally they didn't tell each other about the bets.

For half an hour or more they tossed each other around, putting on the usual show. Finally, one man rolled over on his back and played dead. Just as the referee lifted his arm, the other muscle-head remembered his bet, and so he rolled over too, his yap wide open.

Say! If I'd known what was in the bag at that match, I might have even bought a ticket myself.

—STEVE McCLOSKEY

AUTHOR'S NOTE: For reasons which will be understood by those familiar with statutes which make some truths unprofitable for the publishers of them, the correct names of many of the actors described in this article have been quietly left in the dressing room. The incidents, however, are authentic. This article is as told to C. W. Whittemore.



RUTH BERNHARD

BLACK STAR PHOTO

HANDS

CORONET

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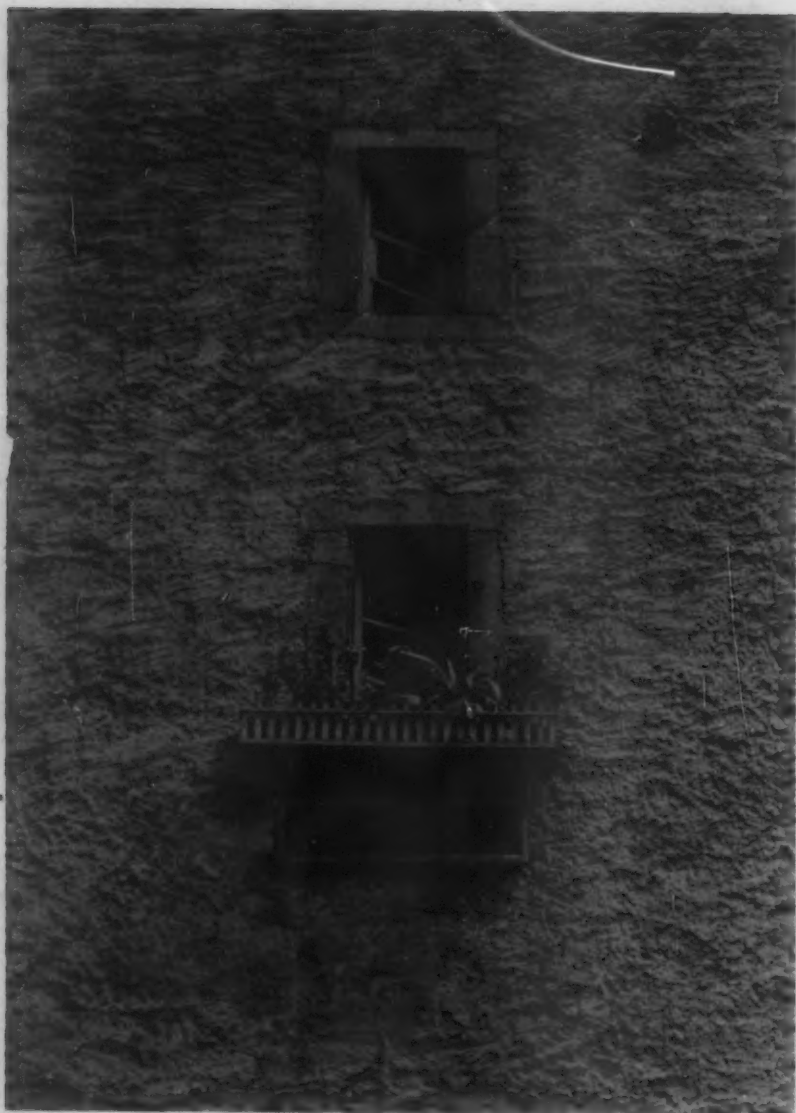


KARL GEORGE

DAYTON, OHIO

FLIGHT OF TIME

DECEMBER, 1936



PIERRE BETZ

COLMAR, FRANCE

ROUGH WALL

CORONET



HANNS TSCHIRA

BREMEN—EUROPEAN PHOTO

SUN DECK

DECEMBER, 1936



EUROPEAN PHOTO

THE HOTEL WITHOUT STAIRS

CORONET



WESTELIN

CHICAGO

OLD SOUTHERN STAIRCASE

DECEMBER, 1936



EUROPEAN PHOTO

SHADOWS BELOW

CORONET



WESTELIN

CHICAGO

CORYPHÉES

DECEMBER, 1936



WESTLIN

CHICAGO

OVER THE CHICAGO RIVER

CORONET

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EUGENE ERBIT

EUROPEAN PHOTO

TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE

DECEMBER, 1936



"Eeny, meeny, miney, mo—"

CORONET

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"Cough drops, my eye! What I need is a mink coat"

DECEMBER, 1936



"When the blue of the night meets the dawn of the day"

CORONET



"Well, only 99 more to go"

DECEMBER, 1936

SURGEON OF OIL WELLS

THE STORY OF COL. E. A. L. ROBERTS.
THE FATHER OF OIL WELL SHOOTING



Shooting oil wells to initiate or increase the flow of oil is almost as old as the oil industry. The first oil well was completed in August, 1859. Five years later Colonel E. A. L. Roberts set off a charge of powder in the Ladies well, once a famous producer but then dry. Following the shot, the well began producing forty barrels of oil a day, and continued to produce long afterward. During the subsequent seventy years, more than 350,000 oil wells have been shot, increasing the production of oil by an incalculable amount, and shooting has become an established practice in the production of petroleum. "Raising oil wells from the dead" may, be considered as one of the significant developments of the industry.

In so far as records disclose, the idea of shooting wells was conceived by several parties at about the same time. Roberts, however, was the only claimant to reduce theory to practice. History definitely records him as "the father of oil well shooting."

Little is known of Roberts prior to his appearance in the oil regions. He is presumed to have served in the Union army, and it was from this experience, his friends say, that he perfected his shooting method. One

day an artillery shell fell in a mill race near which he stood. He observed that the shell, when it exploded, exerted its force downward and outward instead of upward, due to the weight of the water. His enemies say that he was never near enough an exploding shell to observe its action under any condition.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that the Roberts principle involved the discharge of the explosive under fluid. The point is important. It differentiated his method from those of others, thereby enabling him to obtain an iron-clad patent and to monopolize the lawful business of shooting oil wells for fourteen years.

It was in December, 1864 that Roberts arrived in the oil regions exhibiting a contraption for causing an explosion at the bottom of a well, and expounding his theory that a decline or cessation of production was often due to the sludge of oil and gumbo of mud which plugged the fissures leading from the well to the mother pool. An explosion, he argued, would reopen the fissures and permit oil again to flow into the well.

Roberts received scant recognition until, in January, 1865, he contacted Captain Mills, also lately of the



*"Of course you ladies aren't quite ready for this exercise but it'll give you
an idea"*

DECEMBER, 1936

Union army. The Captain had accumulated a snug fortune from his Ladies well, which once had produced seventy barrels of oil but then was dry. Mills listened attentively to Roberts as the latter expounded his theory, and even did not shy when Roberts frankly admitted that the contraption "might ruin the well." The Captain, no doubt, reasoned that if the contraption did ruin the well he would be little worse off, since a non-producing well was of no value. However, he took advantage of Roberts' eagerness to drive a shrewd bargain; he would pay nothing unless the shot proved of value.

The experiment was made on January 21, 1865. Into a cylindrical tin shell, Roberts tamped six pounds of powder. In the top of the shell he fitted a firing head which, in turn, held a percussion cap. Attaching the shell to a line, he lowered it 453 feet to the bottom of the well, afterwards pumping in ten feet of fluid. To discharge the powder, a heavy cone-shaped piece of cast iron was to be dropped into the well. This, upon striking the firing head, was to explode the cap; the explosion of the cap would be sufficient to detonate the powder. "How that Devil's goner go," exclaimed a bystander as Roberts prepared to drop the cone. "Go-Devil" has been its name to this day.

The first attempt was successful. "The explosion caused the earth to tremble like a great monster in the agonies of death," wrote an eye-witness to the scene. However much exaggerated the account of the explosion may have been, there was no exaggeration of the results. "The ex-

plosion caused oil and water to shoot thirty feet into the air," after which the disturbance subsided and the well settled down to a production of forty barrels of oil a day, again turning a modest fortune into the pockets of its owner. For his services, Roberts received \$150 in gold.

But business did not follow with the rush Roberts expected, only 18 of the more than 5000 wells being shot during the following 22 months. In December, 1866, came the turn in the wheel of fortune. In that month a well drilled at a cost of \$3000 was completed as a "dry hole"; not a barrel of production was obtained.

Faced with the loss of their investment, the owners listened to Siren Roberts. Yes, he could shoot the well, they said, but he would be paid only in the event he obtain results similar to those obtained for Captain Mills. Whether the joker was inserted by chance or design is not known. At any rate, Roberts proceeded to shoot the well, using five quarts of nitroglycerin instead of powder. Following the shot, the well began producing twenty barrels of oil. This was the first instance in which an actual "dry hole" had been converted into a producer by shooting.

As marvelous as was the feat of "raising an oil well from the dead," Roberts, on attempting to collect for the shot, was confronted with the joker. He had promised results "similar to those obtained for Captain Mills." The Ladies well produced forty barrels of oil following the shot whereas this well produced only twenty. The owners stood on their agreement; they refused to pay.

Roberts stood silent for a moment, stroking his shaggy beard. "There ain't nothing in the contract that says as to how many times the well's to be shot," he said. "I'll keep on shootin' 'er 'till I git forty bar'l of ile." The owners demurred; they offered to pay rather than run the risks of shooting a flowing well. But Roberts was adamant; he, too, stood on the contract. He would exert every reasonable effort to obtain results "similar to those obtained for Mills."

A week later, Roberts shot the well a second time, using ten quarts of nitroglycerin instead of five. The well began producing in greater volume—at the rate of fifty barrels a day, increasing to eighty and settling down at sixty. But never again did Roberts guarantee the results. The experimental stage had been passed; the soundness of his theory established. Thereafter, the risks of shooting were assumed by the producer.

The acceptance of shooting as a practice, and the profits arising from shooting, attracted large numbers of imitators—irresponsible persons who went about the fields exploding torpedoes of their own manufacture as occasions arose. As these individuals were compelled to carry on their unlawful practices clandestinely—by the light of the moon—they became known as "Moonlighters."

"Moonlighting" was encouraged by many producers of the day who, in justification of their stand, charged Roberts with maintaining a monopoly and asking extortionate fees for his services. The early shooting charge of Roberts was \$150; as the "Moonlighters" placed their shots for as

little as \$33, the temptation to patronize them was hard to resist.

At first the Roberts company proceeded against the outlaws by legal means. During the fourteen years of litigation, the company filed more than 16,000 actions for infringement, the processes so clogging the courts as to halt the wheels of justice. Whereupon, the company resorted to more direct action. It took law enforcement into its own hands, importing a veritable army of detectives to track down the infringers and proceed against them after its own fashion. More than 200 deaths have been attributed to this warfare, yet without noticeably decreasing the piracy.

Checked in the courts and in the field, the company at length applied the only remedy effective under such conditions; it reduced its charges from \$150 to \$115, with an additional 60 per cent discount to those producers who agreed not to patronize unlawful shooters. The financial temptation being thus removed, "Moonlighting" ceased altogether. Today, the business of shooting oil wells is open to all who wish to engage in the hazardous occupation.

From the time of its introduction, oil well shooting has been looked upon as the most hazardous occupation, not because of any excessive number of fatalities but because it involves the handling of the most powerful and tricky explosive in commercial use. Under normal conditions, a tap of 28 pounds per square inch is necessary to detonate the agent; in practice, the mere swish of the hand glancingly across the container has caused it to explode.

The first accident recorded occurred in the Pennsylvania field on March 18, 1869, four persons being killed when a torpedo of their own manufacture exploded prematurely. In May, 1934, seven persons were killed while preparing to shoot an Oklahoma well. Sandwiched between these dates is a long list of accidents which resulted in the death of two or more persons.

On March 7, 1896, a wagon loaded with 100 quarts of nitroglycerin plunged off the Rynd Hill road in Pennsylvania, turned completely over and came to rest at the bottom of a fifteen-foot embankment without causing an explosion. A year later, in the same locality, a shooter was returning home at dusk, an "empty" glycerin can in his buckboard. A wheel of the vehicle is presumed to have struck a pebble in the road. The jar caused the "empty" can to explode, leaving only a trace of vehicle, horse and driver.

In the winter of 1920, George Pascoe of Wyoming was detailed to explode a ten-quart can of nitroglycerin. Placing the can on the ice of a nearby lake, Pascoe proceeded to pepper it with a high-powered rifle. After firing a number of shots without exploding the glycerin, Pascoe questioned his marksmanship. Approaching the can he found that all of his shots had taken effect and that the glycerin had oozed out, forming a pool on the ice. Forty years before, on August 7, 1881, Charles Rust was preparing to shoot a Pennsylvania well. In attempting to open a can of nitroglycerin he found that the cork had become stuck. He gave it a

glancing blow with his hand; the glycerin exploded, killing Rust and four others.

Particularly illustrative of the tricky nature of the agent is an occurrence of January 8, 1881. On that day Lorenzo Gahawait was lowering a charge of glycerin into a Pennsylvania well when he felt a sudden slackening of the line and heard the rumble of an oil flow. "Run," he cried, setting an example to the lease workers by scurrying to a nearby tree. Soon there was roar; a black column shot up the derrick, on the crest of which could be seen the glistening torpedo. It struck the top of the derrick and fell back to the floor, forty feet below, unexploded. Unable to believe his eyes and ears, Gahawait approached the well, picked up the torpedo and was preparing to carry it out into the field. Presumably his foot slipped in the muck and grease; his watchers saw him lurch and fall to his knee, the torpedo slipping from his hand. The jar, slight as compared with the fall of the shell from the top of the derrick, detonated the glycerin, killing Gahawait and collapsing derrick and buildings.

In the summer of 1872, Jim Hanks, a colorful shooter of the Pennsylvania fields, was detailed to shoot a well which flowed oil and gas intermittently. As he climbed down from his buckboard, Hanks heard a cheery voice calling greetings, and turned to see the six-year old boy of the lease boss climbing over his glycerin cans. Seizing the boy by the seat of the pants, Hanks lifted him out of the vehicle and set him down, none too gently, on the ground.

"Git goin'," he shouted, administering a push; "this ain't no place fer kids."

The boy disappeared in the direction of home and Hanks began preparations to shoot the well. He proceeded with great caution, recognizing the added hazard arising from a fitful well. He had lowered one shell successfully but he experienced difficulty in getting the second started. He had lowered it only a few hundred feet when he felt the line slacken and heard a hissing noise. The signal was unmistakable. The well was flowing again. The flow, rushing upward, would catch the descending shell, loosen it from its line and propel it out.

"She's loose! Run!" Hanks shouted to the crew. The boss and his helpers were well on the way to safety as Hanks turned to flee. He had taken but a few jumps however when he heard the childish voice of the morning calling from above.

"Hi there, Jim; ain't you ever goner shoot 'er?"

Hanks wheeled and looked upward. There, high on the roof of the derrick house he saw his urchin friend waving a greeting. A paralyzing horror clutched Hanks as he grasped the meaning of the situation. The boy would surely be killed unless . . . unless. Yes, there was one alternative. He, Jim Hanks, father of two boys of a like age, must catch the shell as it was hurled from the well.

Hanks seized the chance without hesitation. Running to the well, he climbed upon the platform, wrapped one leg around a derrick post and extended his arms as the shell, traveling at the rate of five feet per second

and weighing thirty pounds, appeared. He closed his arms around the torpedo and drew it safely against his body, leaning far back to escape the full force of the oil flow.

"Jes like catching a eel," was his only comment as he resumed the task of shooting the well.

Hanks' feat appears as a mere parlor exploit as compared with the self-confessed achievement of a Texas shooter. According to him, he had lowered five shells, each containing thirty quarts of nitroglycerin, into a well in the Mid-continent field when a lot of gas worked loose.

"It blew those shells out one by one," he said.

"What did you do?" a listener inquired.

"I just caught them," the shooter replied nonchalantly.

We can well attribute this exploit to the loose talk of the oil fields. There is no authentic record of a shell having been thrown out after once in position at the bottom of the well. The peril accompanies the lowering of the shell.

On the other hand, instances of the feat being attempted unsuccessfully are largely lacking, obviously because no shooter has lived to tell the story. One such instance is known to have occurred on September 7, 1897. On that day a well located within the corporate limits of Cygnet, Ohio was being shot. Some hundred townspeople had gathered to watch the performance when a slow flow of oil caught a shell as it was being lowered. The shooter, sensing the possibility of causing a panic if he cried out a warning, turned to at-

tempt to catch the shell as it was shot out of the casing. The effort failed. The shell tumbled onto the derrick floor, where it exploded killing the shooter, two helpers and three spectators, and injuring twenty-one others. At other times a special Providence seems to hover over the shooter. In the spring of 1918, Roy Lightner backed his car containing 100 quarts of nitroglycerin up to a well in the Salt Creek, Wyoming field. The well was flowing intermittently, the derrick floor being covered with oil and muck. Soon the top and body of the car also became saturated. While lowering the first shell, Lightner felt the line slacken. Calling to the lease workers to run, Lightner set the pace by scurrying to safety. But two others were not so fortunate, presumably slipping in the muck. The shell shot out of the hole under tremendous pressure, struck the side of the derrick and exploded, killing the two helpers and setting the debris on fire.

Assistance came quickly and an attempt was being made to rescue the bodies when Lightner glanced toward the car containing eighty quarts of glycerin, which for some reason had not exploded. The spectacle which met his eyes was a horrifying one; the top of the car was aflame and smoke was pouring from the chassis. A catastrophe more devastating than the preceding one was imminent. It was a case of flight or the exhibition of unexampled courage. Lightner accepted the challenge. Rushing to the car, he climbed into the driver's seat, started the engine and drove three hundred yards into the field. Here he ex-

tinguished the burning car by beating out the flames with his bare hands.

Ordinarily glycerin will explode when exposed to a temperature of 300 degrees. The failure of the eighty quarts to explode when subjected to the intense heat of the burning well and the shock of the explosion, can be explained only by Providential intervention and the incomprehensible behavior of nitroglycerin.

Powder constituted the explosive for shooting the first oil well. Soon thereafter nitroglycerin, to the amount of five quarts, was substituted for powder. The amount of glycerin was later increased to ten quarts, and then to twenty. With deeper drilling and the desire to recover every possible drop of oil, shots were increased to 40, 80 and 100 quarts. At present the average shot is about 120 quarts, though shots of 200, 500 and 1000 quarts have been employed.

It remained for a Texas producer to break the record by shooting a dry hole with 2000 quarts of glycerin. The well was a 3500-foot hole in Stephens County, and the mammoth shot was put off on August 25, 1929, to the accompaniment of movie cameras. Seven trucks were required to transport the glycerin to the well and nineteen hours were consumed in pouring the glycerin from the cans into the shells. At current prices, the shot would have cost nearly \$5,000. The explosion was heard by watchers at the top of the well, and the earth was felt to tremble as if in quake, but there was no outpouring of oil.

Obviously, even shooting cannot produce oil where none exists.

—JAMES CALHOUN.

THE PEASANT

*HIS COUNTRYMEN ALL PROMISED THAT
CALIFORNIA WOULD SEEM LIKE HOME*



There was a man by the name of Sarkis who came to America from the village of Gultik, in Armenia, in 1908 when he was not quite thirty years of age. He was a big peasant with thick heavy hair and a very impressive black moustache. He weighed about two hundred pounds but wasn't fat, and he had a very melancholy expression. In Gultik he hadn't been very important—no one in Gultik had been very important—but he had gotten along very well and had had many friends, Armenians, Kourds, Turks, Arabs, Jews, Greeks, Bulgarians, and men of many other tribes and nations. He had spoken in Armenian, Kourdish, Turkish, or Arabic with these people of Asia Minor, and when he left Gultik he left many friends behind him.

It was a very bewildering place and there was no one to talk to. There were very few people in New York in 1908 who could speak so much as three words of Armenian, Kourdish, Turkish, or Arabic.

He went up to Lynn, Massachusetts and got a job in a shoe factory, and began to learn a little English.

It was very hard work, especially for a big man. It wasn't work that a man did with his legs and shoulders

and trunk, it was exasperating work, with the fingers and with some of the muscles of the arm. And with the eye.

He worked in the shoe factory a year and his loneliness grew and grew. There were a number of Armenian families in Lynn, but he didn't like them. They weren't like the people of Gultik.

One night he got drunk and an Armenian priest found him staggering through the streets. They went together to the priest's home.

My son, the Armenian priest said, what is your trouble?

I am lonely, the peasant groaned.

God is your Father, the priest said.

That is all very well, the peasant said, but little Father I am lonely. There is no one I can talk to. In Gultik I knew everybody, Christian and heathen alike. Ah, little Father, how lovely was life in Gultik.

You should take a wife, the priest said.

That is so, the peasant said. Little Father, find me a woman of beauty who can cook food and speak Armenian and at least one other language, Kourdish, Turkish, or Arabic, and I will marry her.

The priest took the peasant home and put him to bed, and a week later

the peasant got a letter from the priest, which he read many times. In the letter the priest said that he had found a good girl for the peasant, and asked the peasant to visit him very soon. He read the letter fifty times; it wasn't a long letter.

Then he put on his best clothes and went to the priest's house.

Little Father, he said, can she cook? That is what I want to know. Can she cook? My stomach has gone crazy with the food of these people. Can the girl cook? Can she sing? Is she in your house, little Father?

No, my son, the priest said. She is not in my house. We will go to her house.

They walked a mile to the house in which the girl lived.

She was rather ugly, to say the least.

The peasant stood in the house, his heart breaking within him because of so many unhappy things in his life: the loss of Gultik, the loss of his many friends, the wretched work in the shoe factory, his longing for good food, his need of someone good and beautiful to sing to him, and then, this woman, an Armenian, to be sure, doubtless a woman of the noblest character, perhaps even an excellent cook, perhaps very expert with thread and needle, but all the same . . . no, he did not want her, he did not like her, she made him lonelier than ever, she tore his heart to pieces with the agonies of loneliness.

Here, the priest said, leave your hat here. Let us go in and sit down. I have not yet told you her name. It is Elizar Iskanderian.

The peasant put down his hat and

lit a cigarette.

That is so, he said. That is her name, little Father. I will take your word for that. It is an honor, he said to the woman.

You shall meet her father and mother, the priest said. They are excellent people.

I can see that, little Father, the peasant said. It is true, they are fine people, as this room itself proves. I would not hesitate a moment to grant that they are people of the first order.

He inhaled deeply, looked at the woman again, and said, *The very first order.* Forgive me, little Father.

The mother and father of the girl came to meet the peasant and asked his name.

Sarkis Khatchadourian, he said. From Gultik. Torn from the warm breast of the homeland. Fifteen months in America. Lost in the wilderness. A slave. Miserable and lonely. Forgive me, little Father, how disgraceful is the world.

The girl cooked Turkish coffee: it tasted very bad. She sang: it sounded very bad.

The peasant sat in his chair mournfully dreaming of home.

He brought out his gold watch and looked at it.

Forgive me, countrymen, he said, I have been delighted. I must go. God keep you. Good night.

The priest left the house with him. So? said the priest. How is it?

Little Father, the peasant said, I cannot tell you how deeply unhappy I am. She is a fine woman; she cooks good coffee; her voice is the voice of a nightingale, as it were, but, little Father, there is something about her,

a small speck of something, which saddens me. No, I should not like to be in the same house with her. In the same bed, little Father, completely out of the question.

You will learn to love her, the priest said.

Little Father, the peasant said, I do not want to learn. Forgive me, I am very unhappy.

It is only a question of time, the priest said. One week, two; one month, two; one year, two; a child, and then another, and then, what is it? You are married, you have children, the years go by.

Forgive me, little Father, the peasant said, I am grateful to you. That small speck of it. No, not one week, not two. Good night, little Father.

Good night, my son, the priest said.

An Armenian from California came to Lynn and one evening Sarkis Khatchadourian met this man in a coffee house and had rakki with him and the man told Sarkis about California.

It is Armenia again, the man said. Sunshine, vines, meadows, olive trees, fig trees, brooks, cows.

Cows, my countryman? the peasant cried. Did you say cows?

Hundreds of them, the man said.

And work? said the peasant. What is the nature of the work?

Farm work, the man said.

In the sun, the peasant said. I shall go to California.

And he did.

He reached California in August, just in time to pick grapes. It was better work than working in a shoe factory, but it had its bad points too. The workers were Hindus, Mexicans,

and Japs. Strange people. He wanted to talk, but nobody could understand him, so he had to work and not talk.

The work was to cut a bunch of grapes at the stem and place it on a timber tray which remained under the sun and drying, the grapes became raisins. After the grapes had been dried on one side two workers went down a row, lifting a tray and turning the grapes over onto another tray, so that the sun would dry the other side.

It was not pleasant to do this work with a man one could not talk to.

It was very mournful turning trays hour after hour with a Mexican.

He did this work all summer, and in the winter he plowed the earth and pruned the vines, and on Sundays he went to the city, to an Armenian coffee house on Mareposa Street where he drank rakki and coffee and played scambile and tavli and talked with his countrymen. They were all new people, men he had met in California.

One Sunday a man came to this coffee house while the peasant was there, and this man was Arshag Dombalian, who was from Gultik. Arshag Dombalian had known Sarkis Khatchadourian in the old country. In the old country they had spoken to one another.

They shook hands solemnly, and almost cried.

Ahkh, brother Sarkis, Arshag Sombalian said, how are you?

I am well, brother Arshag, Sarkis said mournfully. I am well indeed. How are you?

Ahkh, I am very well, my beloved brother, said Arshag. And how do you



"Think this will get by the censors?"

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"Don't be silly! It's a sweater for Fifi"

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like America, my friend from Gultik?

Ahkh America, said Sarkis. How do I like it? What shall I say? Go; come; and with men known and unknown turn trays.

That is so, said Sarkis. Go, come; go, come; known, unknown; and turn trays. Who are they? How should we know, my brother? We have never seen them before? What nation are they of? What tongue do they speak? Who can tell? Go, come; known, unknown; turn trays.

Sarkis Khatchadourian took a wife the year after he reached California. She was from less distinguished people than the girl of Lynn, but she was rounder, darker, lovelier. This girl bore him a son the following year. He worked hard and saved three hundred dollars and made a down payment on a ten-acre vineyard. He was now a farmer in his own right. He owned two horses, a cow, he had a house, a good wife, and a son.

As the priest had said, one became two, two became three, three became four: days, months, years; and children. It was all very good indeed; he would not say it was not good, but he did not know. He was prospering, his vineyard of ten acres grew until it was a vineyard of thirty, then forty, then fifty. As he earned money, he bought more land, plowed, planted pruned, irrigated, harvested.

And he put up a new house, with electricity; he bought a phonograph; he bought an automobile; he took his wife and his children to the city for ice cream; soda water; he took them into moving picture theatres. The years went by. His first son graduated from high school and the peasant

sat in the auditorium of the school and saw the boy get his diploma and his eyes filled with tears. His daughter graduated from high school and again his eyes filled with tears. It was all fine. He knew it was all splendid. His first son married an Armenian girl born in California and bought a small vineyard of his own and at the wedding there was real Armenian and Turkish and Kourdish music and singing and dancing. Fine, fine. His second son not only graduated from high school, he went to Berkeley and graduated from college. It was splendid.

It was all marvelous. The change he had seen in life and in the world, right before his very eyes. The telephone. The automobile. Carpet-sweepers. Vacuum cleaners. Washing-machines. Electric refrigerators. His sons and daughters speaking English, writing English, learning many things. It was a great age, a great time.

Still, it was sad. He did not know. In Gultik it was fine too. One knew the man one spoke to. Arab, Arab; Kourd, Kourd; Turk, Turk; one knew. One knew the face, the eye, the nose, the very smell. It was home. One talked and knew who one was talking to: but in America what was it? He could never forget what it was in America for him.

Sometimes important Armenians, professional men, visited him. Sometimes, sipping coffee, they said, Well, countryman, how do you like America? And always he looked into the face of the man he knew, into the eyes he knew, and he said, What do I know? Go, come; and with men known and unknown turn trays.

—WILLIAM SAROYAN

THE BOMB BUGABOO

*IT WOULD TAKE TRAIN LOADS, NOT
PLANE LOADS, TO BLOW UP A CITY*



Of the many more or less common things in this world there are probably few that are more misunderstood and treated in an air of mystery than the phenomenon of explosion. While little has been written on the subject for popular reading due to the general lack of interest on the part of the reading public and possibly for fear of criminal repercussions there has been on the other hand much written that has been and still is eaten up by the misinformed public at large.

This matter which is so eagerly awaited by the reader is the almost fanatic predictions of popular writers and a widely read columnist in particular of the terrible destruction to be let loose from military aircraft in the form of highly explosive bombs that are literally supposed to accomplish the impossible. This popular idea has spread so widely that in the mind of the layman all war from now on will be nothing but a contest between great numbers of planes, and that nation which is so foolish as to build a battle fleet or to train more than a minimum number of infantry is defeated before the issue is begun.

Let us go into a few facts about the possibilities of this mode of waging war and perhaps some of these very

popular theories will explode with greater violence than some of the bombs they describe.

Fortunately enough is known of the chemistry and physics of explosion to analyze some of these wild statements and arrive at a very definite conclusion.

First however let us review a few of the things that control explosion and wipe away the veil of mysticism that surrounds it in the popular mind.

Essentially explosion is nothing but the sudden increase in the volume of an explosive substance. In practically all cases this is nothing but a rapid evolution or generation of gasses from a solid or liquid. The violence of an explosion depends upon how much gas is generated and the length of time required to generate it. These two factors are in turn controlled by other factors of a physical and chemical nature and results in classifying explosives into two distinct classes.

The class of explosives spoken of as high explosives are called detonating explosives. They are generally exploded by initiating an explosive wave in the mass that causes it to turn from a solid into a gas practically instantaneously. This wave or 'jar' is most often started with a very highly

explosive cap or primer. Since so much gas is generated in so short a time the explosion is a very violent one. Hence the term applied to describe this class.

Low explosives are nothing more than highly inflammable combinations that contain their own oxygen so that they can be burned in confinement away from air. Since only the portion exposed to the burning can generate gas it follows that they are converted into gas at a comparatively slow rate and lack the violence of the high explosives since the latter are exposed in entirety to the initiating shock and begin to break down into gasses throughout the mass instead of on the front exposed to the burning such as is described above. This type of explosive finds its greatest use as a propellant for projectiles from firearms of all kinds and as such it is known as gunpowder. High explosives cannot be used as propellants since they would burst the gun before the projectile could move an appreciable distance through the bore.

Almost all military explosives with the exception of powder for firearms are high explosives. In different forms it is loaded into high explosive shells, depth bombs, aerial bombs, mines, torpedoes and hand grenades.

Now to consider a principle that is of a very determining nature and one never considered by the bomb fanatics when they make their predictions about the effectiveness of their favorite.

This principle is the one of confinement of explosion and is known to all who have occasion to use ex-

plosives. It is because of this that coal miners and quarrymen drill holes in the material they wish to break up by blasting, these holes are used to contain the explosive within the material to be disrupted where it is exploded with much greater effect than could be ever attained with several times the charge placed against the outside of the material for the simple reason that the high pressure gases are confined and are willing to do anything to escape their confinement and what they do in this case is to break up the walls of their prison and pass off to the outer air much subdued after having attained their freedom.

A good analogy of this principle is the common automobile gasoline engine. It is quite widely known that if the valves of such an engine will not close properly there is not much power delivered since the exploding gasoline vapor takes the path of least resistance out of the exhaust pipe and doesn't give a very good account of itself. However if the valve be closed the gases cannot escape but will make an effort to do so by pushing down the piston and as a result there will be a delivery of power from the engine much larger than if the valve be open when the cylinder fires.

It is easily understood how one can make dire predictions for explosions when this principle is not considered. It is this one thing more than any other that limits the effect of the aerial bomb to superficial damage except in very exceptional and improbable instances.

Oftentimes when this subject is

being discussed the question is brought up by someone asking why, if an artillery shell is capable of inflicting so much damage, cannot an aerial bomb of the same size accomplish as much. Two things give the artillery projectile the upper hand considering damage done. An artillery shell is capable of doing considerable damage even though it does not explode, since it is travelling at a terrific rate of speed and as a result it strikes with tremendous force. This force is great enough to cause the shell to penetrate quite deeply into highly resistant bodies and if equipped with a delayed action fuse it will explode not upon striking the outside of the target but after it has penetrated deeply into the material. Since this is true it happens that the explosive is confined and is used efficiently.

Now let us consider the aerial bomb and notice its limitations.

In the first place the bomb is inherently a slow speed projectile since it is not fired from a gun but is dependent upon gravity for any speed that it may attain. This speed would become very great in a few thousand feet of free falling if it were not for the resistance of the air through which it is falling. This retarding force of the air is sufficient enough to limit the bomb to a speed that is not great enough to force the bomb through any resistant material of any considerable thickness. Most aerial bombs being equipped with what is known as a contact fuse will explode immediately upon contact with any resistant object. As a result the explosion is not confined and is for the most part wasted. In recent years a

delay action fuse has been developed for bombs and is intended that it explode the bomb after it has penetrated into its target. The reasoning is sound but since the bomb will not penetrate to any depth the result is practically the same as though the contact fuse were used.

It is quite true that bombs have little difficulty in penetrating the roofs of dwellings and small structures but they are very easily turned by fortifications and construction such as found in modern skyscrapers. Still another thing makes the unconfined explosion still more ineffective and that is because the explosion for the most part is not in direct contact with the target since the bomb is long and slender because of streamlining and the fuse is in the nose and fires the charge upon contact while all the rest of the bomb is above and out of contact with the surface initiating the explosion so that in effect that portion is exploding in air.

As an example of the effect of confinement let us consider a little rule used in blasting work. It is known to blasters from experience that to blow a hole of a given size through a masonry wall it will require four and one half times as much TNT if placed on the outside in contact with the wall than if the charge were placed in a hole within the wall.

A sixteen-inch naval gun shell weighs in excess of 2,000 pounds and is capable of doing very serious damage. Basing deductions upon the facts in the paragraph above it becomes apparent that if a bomb is to compare with this shell it is going to have to weigh four and one half

times as much as the 16 inch shell, or approximately 9,000 pounds. In the whole world there is not a bombing plane in production that will carry a bomb of this size. Too, the 16-inch shell can penetrate over a foot of the hardest armor and explode in the vitals of the ship.

The sensationalists also tell us that a fleet of bombing planes is capable of reducing the largest cities to small pieces of broken concrete and debris. This statement like many of the others that they make is not founded upon reasoning and is easily proved to be contrary to both theory and practical experience.

Any blasting engineer knows that to move or break up a certain amount of material of a certain type requires a very definite amount of explosive to do the job. When we consider the vast amount and type of material that goes to make up the modern city and the very inefficient aerial bomb we find the required amount of explosive to be of the order of train loads rather than plane loads. In arriving at these figures the fact that the planes that are to drop this load would probably be under heavy anti-aircraft fire, and be attacked by pursuit planes is not taken into consideration, but is figured on the basis of the best of bombing accuracy with the best of demolition equipment; a set of conditions that cannot be expected. And again what is to prevent the attacked city from taking cover under screening smoke? To strike a vital target the bomber must be able to see it. Smoke effectively prevents this while pursuit and attack planes go up to attack the invader.

The number of casualties to human life that may be expected from bombing cities is exaggerated enormously. A bomb bursting is very local in its effect upon human life due to the fact that the explosive force decreases exceedingly rapidly the further it is radiated from its source which in this case is the bomb. However, flying debris is a menace but it may be protected against quite easily by taking cover in basements, and in many cases by merely lying flat upon the ground. Quite a few might be killed if great crowds were heavily bombed but there is no necessity for such vulnerable crowds to form and it is false military economics to waste explosives on non-combatants when this explosive can be better used against combatants who constitute an immediate menace to the safety of the attacker.

It might be said that bombing non-combatants would lower the morale of the citizenry to such an extent that there would be danger of them not providing adequately for their armies in the field, and again there is a very good possibility of antagonizing them enough to raise their morale and their determination with it to the extent of making it all the more difficult for the attacker.

In recent years a widely read columnist has written very much intended to show the futility of maintaining a fleet of surface vessels so long as the potential foe is armed with the invincible airplane. These articles have been outstanding for their lack of proof and reasoning as to how this result was to be accomplished other than to charge it up to the super-natural force of explosives,

however uncontrolled it might be.

Along with the menace to our cities let us reason a little on some of the things that are intended to keep sailors awake nights worrying about their futures and the possibility of a sudden demise.

Modern battleships, contrary to public opinion, are not just huge floating targets but are highly efficient, heavily armed fortresses possessing the advantage of maneuverability not possessed by land fortifications. To entertain the idea that it is a cinch for a single aerial bomb to sink one of them is to believe without reason. Modern battle ship decks are not wood but on the contrary, armor. On the more modern type of ship there is not one of these decks but three placed several feet apart with an airspace between them. A falling bomb does not have sufficient energy to penetrate one of these decks, but however, if the resulting explosion should blow a hole in the deck armor it would only affect the top deck and the other two would stand fast. If such a hole were blown it would necessarily be a small one since explosion of this nature acts principally in a vertical direction. Suppose a deck does have a hole blown in it and a slightly damaged superstructure, it is by no means out of action since the men who designed it were just as smart as those who contrive means to destroy it and placed most of the vital parts down below or behind armor, proof against all aerial bombs. For instance the ships magazine where all ammunition is stored and a place considered an ideal place to affect a hit is hidden

in the most impregnable part of the vessel. Also the heavy naval rifles are placed in turrets under more than a foot of hard steel armor. These turrets are considered very good targets for naval artillery but it is with the greatest difficulty that they are penetrated and the crews and guns put out of action. You might reason that the concussion of a high explosive bomb bursting on deck or upon the turrets of warships would kill many of the crew by concussion. In this connection the United States Ordnance Department made an interesting experiment some years ago to determine the effect of concussion.

Two chickens and a dog were placed in cages behind a twelve-inch slab of naval armor steel and a charge of 200 pounds of guncotton was exploded against the other side and strangely enough the only result was a smudge on the armor and the impaired hearing of the subjects behind the plate.

Another experiment conducted by the same department of the army which will serve to show the relative effectiveness of bombs and armor piercing high explosive shells is of interest also.

In this experiment a Krupp process armor plate twelve inches thick was set up and three charges of high explosive each weighing 600 pounds were detonated against one side of it. Nothing happened until the third charge was fired and all that happened then was a small surface crack in the steel. In contrast a twelve-inch naval rifle shell with a delayed fuse and carrying a charge of only twenty-three pounds of high explo-

sive was fired against an identical plate of armor steel. The shell penetrated a short distance into the armor and exploded, blowing a hole through the plate more than three feet in diameter and breaking the plate into a number of large pieces. The shell was able to accomplish so much more since it penetrated before exploding. In other words the explosion was confined and gave a much better account of itself.

If the above facts are compared it will be seen that 23 pounds of explosive properly used is capable of doing many-fold the damage that 1,800 pounds of explosive improperly used is capable of doing. The 1,800 pound charge might quite easily be likened unto the inefficient aerial bomb.

The bomb would probably be put to a much more profitable use if it could be dropped alongside a ship and made to explode in the water against the side of the ship so as to give a torpedo effect, this being possible since the explosion would be backed up by the water. This method however has the disadvantage of requiring extreme accuracy in bombing in addition to special fusing arrangements. Even though a hit could be made it is extremely improbable that the ship would be sunk since modern ships are practically torpedo proof due to the fact that they are equipped with false outer hulls which explode the torpedo before it can contact the true hull. Also they are designed with an additional inner hull that will in almost all cases stop anything that the outer hull does not stop. And even though a hole be blown through the side, the ship is

built in compartments that make it possible to isolate the one that is flooding.

Several months ago when relations between Italy and Great Britain were strained there was much talk of a 'Squadron of Death' in the Italian air service, whose members had pledged themselves to fly their planes carrying one large bomb into a British warship if the two countries should go to war. This idea was exalted and played up to a great degree by a well known American columnist who could see nothing but doom for the British fleet.

To accomplish this feat it would be necessary to fly straight at the ship and a plane coming in head on makes a most desirable anti-aircraft target since in relation to the aim of the gunner the plane is practically sitting still so that it is possible to deliver very accurate fire. Also it is not necessary to make a direct hit on the plane to stop it since shrapnel can be and is used. The shrapnel shell upon exploding has much the same effect as a shot gun since it throws a charge of lead balls to the front that are capable of demolishing a plane. Even though the airman manages to land his load on the ship the result would be far from conclusive as has been pointed in the paragraphs above. Again, what is to prevent the fleet from taking cover under a smoke screen and sending up its own planes to deal with the would-be suicides?

In this article no endeavor has been made to discuss waging chemical warfare from aircraft. However the same thing applies to this method of making war as applies to the use of

high explosive bombs inasmuch as it is possible to reason out the facts from well known and substantiated facts gathered from experience.

In chemical warfare a very definite amount of chemical agent is required to accomplish a desired end. If the conditions under which this is to be used are known it is quite easy to arrive at the required amount. In figuring the amount needed to blot out the populations of some of the larger cities of the world it was found that thousands of tons of the agent would be required even when efficiently used and that there was not in the whole world enough planes of the required size to carry this cargo. Also it was found that the number of aircraft carriers in the world were far too few to transport these planes within striking distance of the prospective target. As in the use of explosives, it is very false military economics to waste a military agent on personnel that have a minor part in deciding the issue.

Generally speaking military supplies

and personnel increase in value to their own forces and as a menace to the foe the nearer they get to the zone of operations.

The over-enthusiastic writers referred to in this article are to be commended for their efforts to build up the national defense but are to be condemned for wanting to neglect all arms except the air service.

War is a constantly changing art and few if any are qualified to say what may be next expected to come to the fore and claim a substantial part of the world's population, but in spite of all the changes in the hundreds of years that have passed one thing in war has remained unchanged. It is not enough to drive an enemy from the ground he occupies, it is necessary to then occupy the ground with our own forces to prevent the enemy's return. This is one job the airplane cannot perform but is the place of the man with the rifle. All other weapons are auxiliary to this one basic weapon.

—HAROLD KIMMELL

Mr. Kimmell is one of the hundred ranking marksmen in the United States, known as 'The President's Hundred'. He has had extensive training in chemical warfare.

THE STOCK MARKET (LESSON III)

Buying on margin is also a common practice, and is considered safer than just taking your stocks outright and storing them in the furnace for safe-keeping. When you buy on margin, you don't really own the stocks because they belong to your broker. So if the stocks go down, you simply pay *him* the loss instead of paying it

to yourself. This makes things much better. I would invest in some stocks, but the papers never seem to print the stock programs accurately enough. *My* paper, anyhow, never prints what they are going to sell at tomorrow, and I think there ought to be a law.

—SYDNEY SIMPSON

